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## Sports Hats

The 'mad March days' are coming when these smart close-fitting little Hats from Harrods will be invaluable. There are dainty designs to suit every style of feminine charm and the prices are most moderate.

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Write for booklet  
 "The Tale of Ten  
 Toes." It contains in-  
 formation of interest  
 to every mother, and  
 pictures which will  
 please the children

## Introducing Delta for Children

The shoe news of the month is the introduction of Delta for Children, a delightful series of hygienic shoes and boots for boys and girls. The manufacturers of Lotus and Delta for Men and Women have utilised all their long experience of shoe making and the ingenuity of talented shoe designers in producing these shoes. Delta for Children are made

over special lasts of cunningly devised shapes, made to hold without undue pressure the growing feet of young folk. The choicest leathers and linings are used, numerous patterns are available and any Lotus agent will obtain—if not already in stock—the correct size and style required. Children's Delta Styles are for boys and girls of all ages from 4 to 16.

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The Olva tablet is full size, in the new popular shape. Cup your hands and it nestles snugly in, to yield up its abundant lather and delicate fragrance at the instant touch of water.

Olva is the result of scientific research and long practical experience in soap-making. It is the supreme blend of palm and olive oils.

Be sure to say Olva. - - - Be sure to get Olva.

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**The British Soap for British Beauty**

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PALM AND OLIVE OIL

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Smart shape for country wear and sports wear—the pneumatic brim can be adjusted to wear at almost any angle, permitting the hat to be rolled up tightly for packing. Trimmed with Faille ribbon band and bow.

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Miss Joan Clarkson, star of the "Dr. Fu Manchu" film, is here seen in a Ninette gown of pale mauve faille, with panels of mauve velvet bearing embossed silver roses.



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APPOINTMENT  
TO THE COURT  
OF ITALY



BY ROYAL  
APPOINTMENT  
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OF SPAIN



# Pride of Possession

AS you kiss your dearest creation of happiness, you feel tingling within your breast the glorious joy in the pride of possession of the dearest, sweetest mite the world ever contained.

If from the start Baby cannot have breast-milk, give him Glaxo—Glaxo is pure, fresh milk with extra milk-sugar. While this pure milk is sweet and fresh, before it has time to become stale or sour, it is dried by the Glaxo Process, which makes it safe from the risk of tuberculosis and other milk-borne diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc.

For 15 years Glaxo has been constantly used at Infant Welfare Centres and has been used to rear the babies in four Royal Nurseries. The best is not too good for your Baby, and next to healthy breast-milk, Glaxo is the best.

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*The Super-Milk Food.*

## "Builds Bonnie Babies"

GLAXO (DEPT. 192) 56 OSNABURGH STREET, LONDON, N.W.1



[17]



## A Consultation with the World's most famous Skin Consultant at the "Cyclax" Salons

**I**VORY skin and rose-petal cheeks—can you believe it?—and it's my very own complexion, thanks to Mrs. Hemming. I'm so delighted that I simply must tell you all about it. I was desperate about the state of my complexion. For months I had wasted time and money in the exotic salons of so-called "Beauty Specialists," and all to no effect. Then I went to the "CYCLAX" Salons.

Quiet—that is what I appreciated in those spacious, well-lighted rooms with their soft green hangings. I listened in vain for the enervating whirr of electrical appliances. A pleasant hum of voices sounded from behind the little white screens scattered around the room. Light-footed attendants, clad in business-like overalls, moved swiftly about their work.

"CYCLAX" preparations were piled up here and there, ready to hand—the same preparations that Royalty itself has deigned to use. As I waited for the great skin consultant to be disengaged, I was fascinated by the number of charming and distinguished women who passed in and out of the room, and I knew that I too should be of their number in a very short space of time.

Dignity and charm have indeed a noble representative in Mrs. Hemming. I felt at once that her interest in her clients is personal as well as professional. Like all truly great people, Mrs. Hemming is utterly unaffected. I confided in her unhesitatingly. She smiled gently and said, with a movement of deprecation, "I fear that you are suffering from a very common complaint—the use of artificial methods. Vibrations and heavy massage?"

"I thought so. Artificial methods are bound to bring about artificial

results. This is obvious. *Simple and natural methods are the only possible means to simple and natural beauty.*

"This is the principle I have always worked on. In every case it has justified its use. Women write to me daily from all parts of the world, imploring my help. As for the salons, you have seen for yourself . . ."

The great skin consultant then went into my case more fully. The course she presented was so simple, so unlike anything that I had been ordered before, that I could not help exclaiming, "Is that all? But it is so easy!"

"That is what I wish everyone could understand. Beauty is easily attainable if you use the proper means. Care of the skin is a pleasure—not a burden."

It was a pleasure! The method of treatment at the "Cyclax" Salons is unlike any other in the world, and when at last I saw my mirrored reflection there was actually a soft rosy glow beginning to gleam through the surface of the skin.

And now . . . now you are jealous of me? There is no need to be. Call at the "Cyclax" Salons, a sitting costs 12/6, or write to Mrs. Hemming if you live too far away. She will tell you what to do and where to purchase the "Cyclax" Preparations.

Write for a complimentary copy of Mrs. Hemming's wonderful book, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

"CYCLAX" Skin Food is the only cream which is bracing and nourishing. Price 4/-, 7/6, 15/- and 28/-.

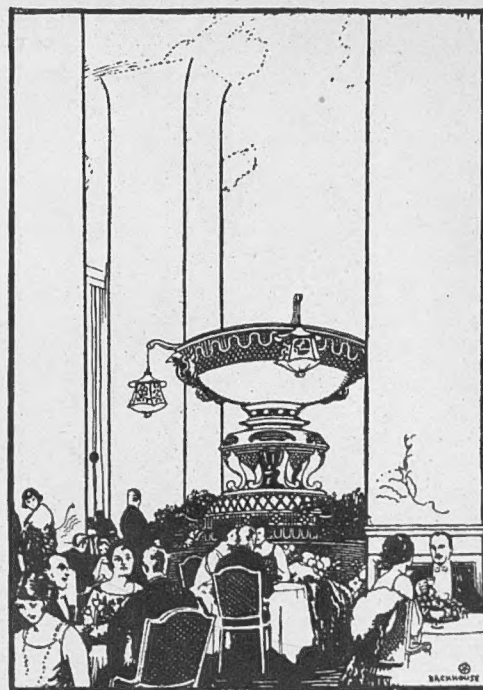
"CYCLAX" Special Lotion clears the skin from all impurity and produces a flawless complexion. Price 5/6 and 10/6.

"CYCLAX" Blended Lotion imparts a beautiful surface to the skin and is most nourishing and protective. Price 4/6, 8/6, 16/- and 30/-.

"CYCLAX" Face Powder is the finest face powder existent and is most beneficial to the skin. Price 3/6 and 6/6.

**"Cyclax" (Mrs. Hemming)**

13 & 14 (C), New Bond St., W. 1 (Regent 2563)  
58 (C), South Molton St., W.1 (Mayfair 3972)  
Paris, New York, Calcutta, Edinburgh, Liverpool, etc.



## The Great Chef says:—

Some cooking is a sacrilege. The kitchen that glorifies food is attached to the

## RESTAURANT des AMBASSADEURS HOTEL METROPOLE, LONDON

Luncheon from 7/6

Dinner 12/6

and à la carte

Gordon Hotels, Ltd.  
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Man. Director:  
Francis Towle

## CLOTHES MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND — — —



**M**OST of us, at one time or another, have admired the clothes the other fellow wears. He is smartly attired.

His suits, although never obviously

new, are never obviously old. They are made entirely by hand. That is the secret.

Any garment made by hand retains its shape, always, and, like good wine, only becomes more exquisite with age.

The productions of Urquhart & Knight are all made by hand, and worked and coaxied into a perfect shape by old time craftsmanship. The style imparted, and the delightful comfort thereby secured, can be obtained by no other means.

An interesting booklet on clothes can be had on application to:

*Urquhart & Knight.*

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup> Floors (No Shop)  
259 High Holborn W.C.1.

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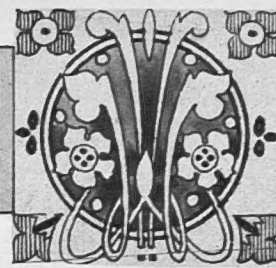
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# THE SKETCH

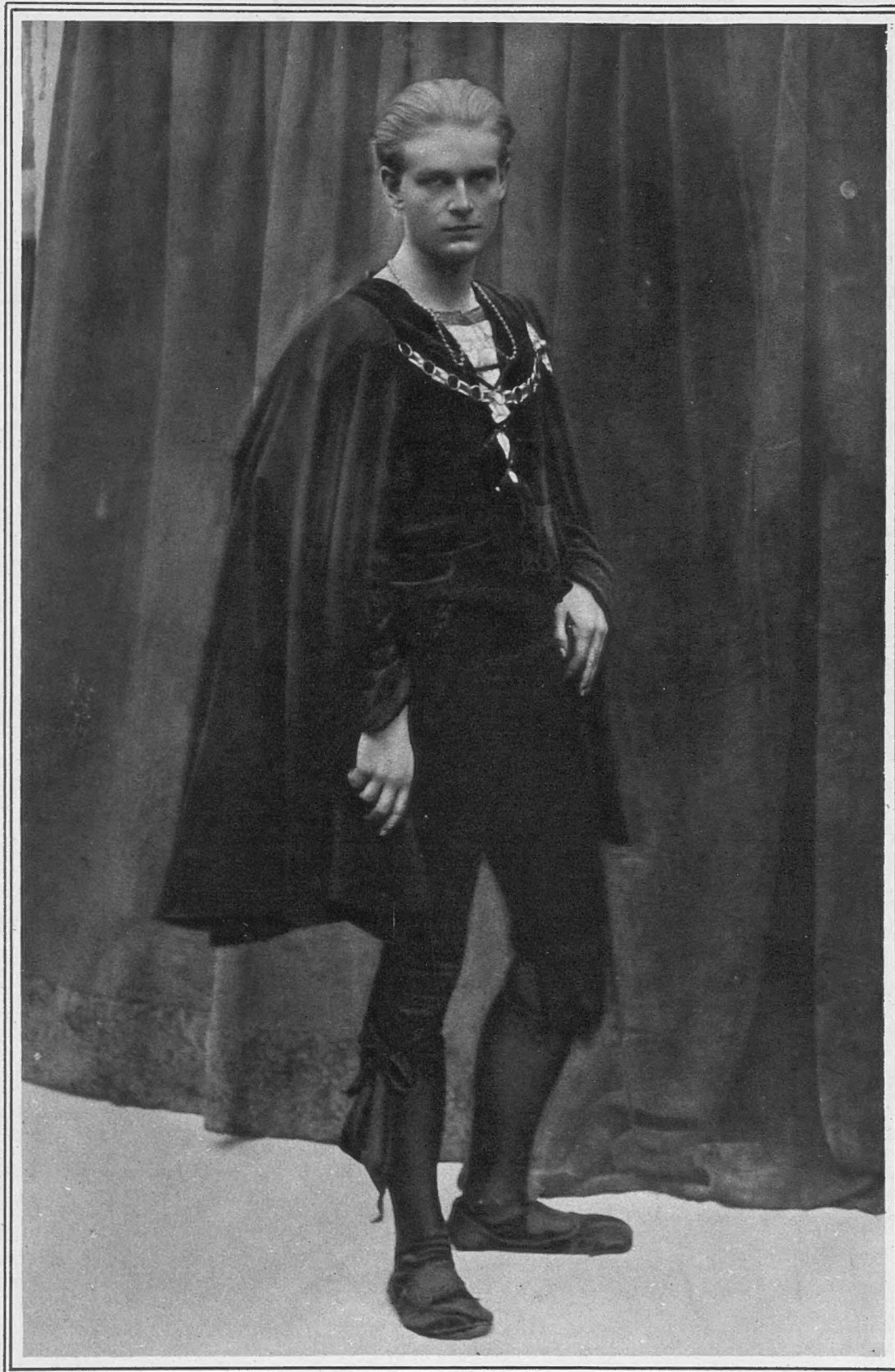


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No. 1621—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



## THE MOST-DISCUSSED HAMLET: MR. GYLES ISHAM IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION.

The Hamlet of Mr. Gyles Isham has been tremendously discussed. Mr. Isham, who is the son of Sir Vere Isham, eleventh Baronet, is only twenty. Some daily paper criticisms were: "The Times"—"A steady, well-considered, and in many respects remarkable performance." The "Daily Mail"—

"Often he was astonishingly good, and often he was depressingly bad." The "Daily Express"—"... Played all the Hamlets I have seen clean out of my memory." The "Daily Telegraph"—"Mr. Isham's Hamlet ... is not going to disturb the supremacy of Henry Irving or Forbes Robertson."

*Photograph by Hills and Saunders.*

# MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

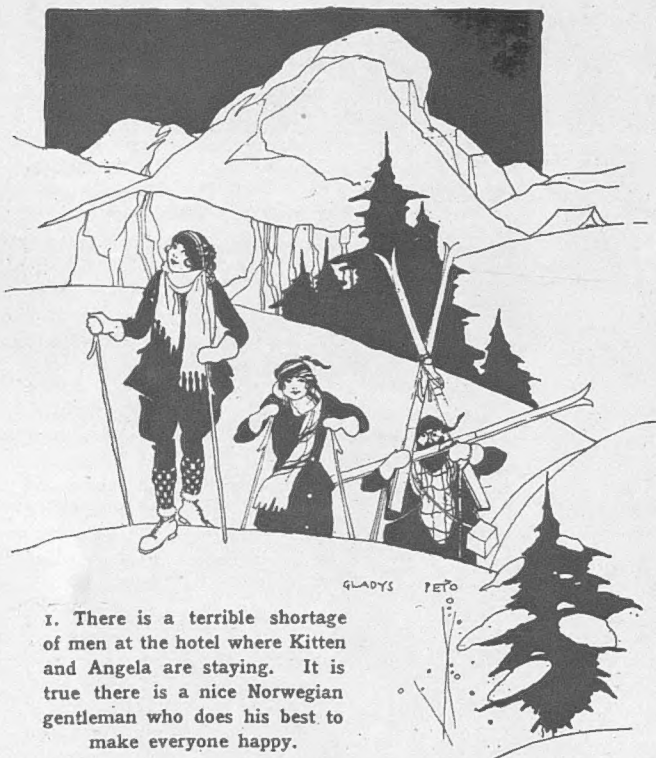
THE political rallies were the thrill of last week, of course, and they were enjoyable as well as interesting functions. One must naturally begin with the Londonderry House reception, the features of which may be classified as the crowd, the people, and the supper. Officially there were supposed to be 1200 present, but my chauffeur confided to me that there were cars ranked up as far as the Marble Arch, and that the police gave the probable number

Harcourt that was) was wearing the beautiful Cartier bandeau and long chain, both of diamonds, which were her mother's wedding gift. Her husband, by the way, was one of the remarkably tall men present, who included Prince Obolensky, Mr. Ronald McNeill, and Lord Kyslant. These six-footers had the best of things on the occasion in question, for they could see over every-

one's head, and also, perhaps, get a little fresh air up there! When I tell you that there were two huge fires burning in the picture gallery, where everyone congregated, it is easy to realise that it was a warm spot. Such a number of pretty women were to be seen at the reception—Lady Maureen Stanley, the eldest daughter of the Londonderrys, was one of them. She told me that her latest infant has been christened Catherine; but she does not know yet whether the name is to be spelled with a "C" or a "K." Another beauty was little Lady Plunket, who looked very demure in black velvet. Lady Wilton was one of those without a tiara or any decoration in her shingled hair. The Duchess of Westminster was another with cut locks, and no diamonds perched on her head, but she wore her rows and rows of pearls, which are strung up with uncut emeralds at intervals. It was not a girls' evening, of course, but Miss Betty Baldwin (looking very nice in a gold dress which toned remarkably pleasantly with her auburn hair), and Lady Betty Butler, in the wake of her sister as usual, were among the unmarrieds present. Then there were the Diplomatic

rosy tulips and vases of pearly white lilac were massed about the reception-rooms. Bridge was provided as an alternative to talk; but, early in the evening at least, no one settled down to cards in the room provided for the purpose; and I understand that the conversation was of a very brilliant order, the hostess herself being in specially good form. Mr. Asquith, of course, was at dinner, and the Denmans, who had given the afternoon Liberal party that same day. The Simons, who had married off their daughter that afternoon, and Miss Barbara Harcourt were other members of the company. Lord Glenconner was present at his mother's reception, as he has just come back from a holiday trip. It was altogether a delightful gathering, and everyone admired the exquisite Tennant pieces—those "crinoline"-shaped Stuart silver candlesticks which are worth such immense sums, and look so beautiful on the long dining-table.

There was quite a social air about the "Red reception" at the Hyde Park Hotel, too. Miss Ishbel Macdonald, who so curiously chose a green dress for her début in political life, was introduced to everyone on arrival, and Lady Kimberley, in steel-grey satin, made an imposing figure, and was, I think, dispensing good advice all round! Mrs. Noel Buxton was the official hostess, and looked very well in a navy-blue marocain gown with fuchsia crêpe linings to the wide sleeves. Her hair is very simply dressed, and adorned with a black velvet



1. There is a terrible shortage of men at the hotel where Kitten and Angela are staying. It is true there is a nice Norwegian gentleman who does his best to make everyone happy.

of guests as 1600. At all events, the broad staircase, which was thoughtfully covered in crimson felt, showing merely a border of blue carpet beneath, was packed with people going up, and from above the procession of arriving guests looked like a solid mass. Contrary to her usual habit, Lady Londonderry, who had Mr. Baldwin by her side, stood on the right of the top of the stairs, and, consequently, Lord Londonderry had to stand behind his wife and the ex-Premier. This innovation was, however, a good arrangement, as it induced the guests to file into the long picture gallery immediately, instead of "quivering on the brink," and waiting to look at the new arrivals. So much for the actual crowd, and now for the people.

Naturally, all Society "that counts," and endless supporters of the Conservative Party composed the company. Diamonds and decorations were everywhere, the hostess leading off with a magnificent display, which had a splendid background in the petunia velvet of her frock. She wore her big diamond "fender," with a comb to match fixed at the back of her chignon—an arrangement that had the effect of making her tiara look as though it were an all-round diamond crown. Next in order of jewels was the Duchess of Sutherland, who had rows of pearls as well as her string of solitaire diamonds round her neck.

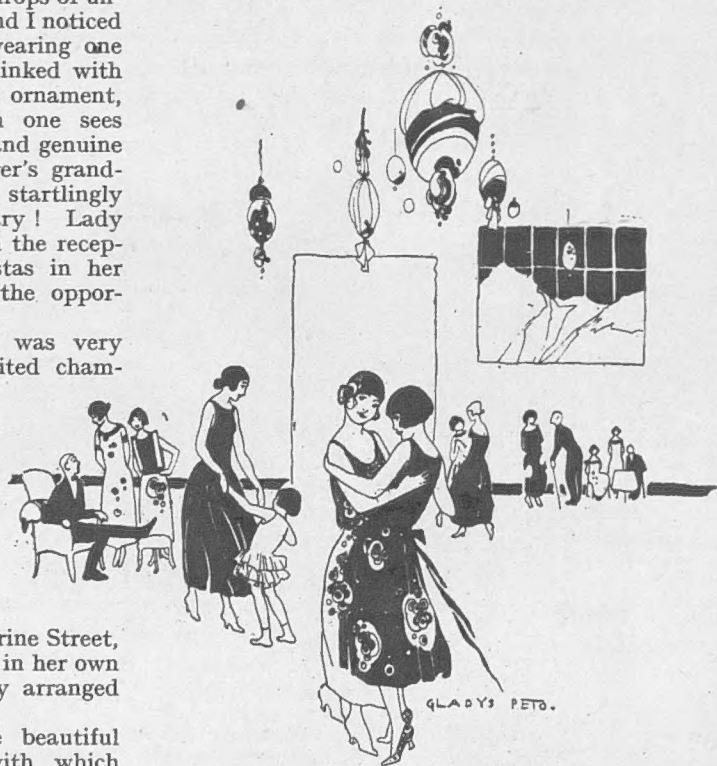
Some of the very young married women had quite an important display of jewels. Mrs. John Mulholland, for instance (Olivia

ladies, who included Mme. de Paravicini, who wore long ear-rings with pendent drops of uncut emeralds with her blue dress; and I noticed that Mrs. Richard Bethell was wearing one of the new tight rows of pearls linked with diamonds round her throat. This ornament, unlike most of the kind which one sees about, is composed of real stones and genuine pearls, and belonged to the wearer's grandmother, so there is nothing so startlingly novel in Fashion's latest vagary! Lady Ridley, by the way, went through the reception carrying a tiny box of vestas in her hand all the time, waiting for the opportunity of smoking a cigarette!

And now for the supper. It was very well done, and there was unlimited champagne; but by the time I reached it, the only difficulty in the supper-room was clean glasses. There was also a new and delightful concoction of orange, cream and kirsch in custard-glasses as an alternative thirst-quencher.

Then there was the Liberal reception, held by Lady Grey in Mrs. Guy Charteris' house in Catherine Street, as the rooms there are larger than in her own house, and are more conveniently arranged for an important entertainment.

Lady Grey herself looked quite beautiful in her pink-and-silver gown, with which she wore emeralds and diamonds. The green, pink, and silver scheme was carried out in the flowers, also, for huge bowls of



2. But the evenings are deplorable. Such men as there are are too much injured by skiing and other fierce sports to think of dancing.



band. Dress, by the way, was not quite negligible at the Labour gathering, for Lady Hastings wore a very striking black-and-silver gown, adorned with fur, and Mrs. Clynes had one of the new stamped velvet dresses; while Priscilla Lady Annesley was among those present, in a simple but very elegant black velvet dress, without a

of gold braid that she favours just now. It is a popular model, as Lady Cunard has it, too, but in a different shade.

The reception at the Hotel Victoria was a presentless one, which I always think a disadvantage; but the cake was cut with due ceremonial, with the bridegroom's sword; and I also liked the little formality in leaving the church, by which the best man escorted the chief bridesmaid, sister of the bride, taking her out on his arm.

Many of those who attended the Bickford-Smith-Simon wedding were to be found at the reception given by Lord and Lady Denman later in the afternoon, as, of course, the wedding itself was something of a Liberal rally. Mrs. Asquith was at both functions, and so were Lord and Lady Terrington, though I observed that the Liberal lady M.P. had changed her furs, for at the house she had only a fur stole, while at the church she wore her lovely long sable coat.

What a beautiful house the Denmans have in Upper Grosvenor Street! Lady Denman's sitting-room is an enchanting retreat, with its Chinese lacquer furniture in a deep shade of turquoise blue, against a background of cream walls hung with prints.

Tea was served in the dining-room, and afterwards everyone went up to the drawing-room, where a kind of informal meeting was held. By the way, the decoration of the long dining-table was very successful in its simplicity. One very fine old silver ewer stood alone in the centre as the only piece displayed.

One of the most delightful afternoon entertainments of the week was Lady Cable's concert, at which that distinguished young pianist, Mr. Ivan Phillipowsky, played. He has just returned from Leicester, where he had a big success, and his recital on Monday at the Wigmore Hall was packed. At Lady Cable's party the Diplomatic Circle was well represented—at all events, on the distaff side, as the wives of the Hungarian, Danish, and Finnish Ministers were all present. The Japanese Ambassador was another of the guests, and brought his daughter, as did Mrs. Stanley Baldwin.

It was all very pleasant and informal; and Lady Cable, who wore a gown of tobacco-brown embroidered in steel-grey, sat on the landing most of the time, while her daughter and anyone who felt inclined to do so camped on the stairs, although there was plenty of room in the drawing-rooms! The chairs were not arranged in rows, as if the affair was a formal concert; and a novelty in refreshments at afternoon parties was provided by liqueurs handed round on trays, in addition to strawberries with whipped cream and much marshino.

The influenza germ has been very active, and has been spoiling the fun for a good many people. Poor Mr. Michael Wentworth Beaumont, who is to marry Miss Faith Pease on Leap Year Day, is one of the recent victims, as he was taken ill at his own house, Wotton House, Aylesbury; and his bride-elect, accompanied by her parents, Lord and Lady Gainford, went down there to be with him.

The Beaumont-Pease wedding, which is to be at the Guards' Chapel, as the bridegroom is in the Coldstream, promises to

be a very pretty one. Miss Pease has decided on lovely pale "molten" gold dresses for her attendants, who are to number six grown-ups, and three—or possibly four—children. The bridesmaids are to include Miss Doris Harcourt, Miss Pamela Coventry, and Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, who had a dance given for her coming-out last Monday.

To return, however, to Miss Faith Pease's wedding arrangements. I hear that the old lace to be used on her bridal gown is specially beautiful, and that the train is to be of old Genoese. The gown itself is of deep cream beauté crêpe, and will be most exquisitely draped.

The very latest fashion, so far as art is concerned, is not only to have portraits of the members of one's family, but to commission artists to paint the gardens and grounds of the house; and Lord Sandwich is one of the latest to follow this idea. He has had a number of pictures of Hinchingsbrooke painted by Mr. Elliott Seabrooke, who is considered one of the best of the modern landscape-painters.

I found time to look in at the Independent Galleries, where some of Mr. Seabrooke's work is now on view, and was enchanted by his pictures. He is a romantic landscape-painter of the modern school, and is exhibiting a number of pictures of the parks and grounds of stately English homes, including Danesbury, Uppern, and Hinchingsbrooke, and there is one remarkably fine winter landscape. It is the only snow scene I have ever seen which avoids all suggestion of Christmas cards and banality.

Lady Louis Mountbatten is delighted that she has a little daughter; and as the young lady made her appearance on Thursday morning last, everyone at Brook House decided that she *must* be called Valentine; but what Lord and Lady Louis will choose remains to be seen. In any case, I believe it is extremely lucky to be born on St. Valentine's Day, so the fates should smile on the new Miss Mountbatten. Lord Louis, I hear, left a present for his wife behind him when he sailed in the *Revenge*; and when Lady Louis received a posy ring of rubies set in platinum, together with a note from her absent husband, she was quite surprised! Meanwhile Lord Louis Mountbatten had to be acquainted of the event by wireless, as his ship had set off for a cruise to Madeira, Teneriffe, and Las Palmas.

MARIEGOLD.



3. Hearing that a new party is arriving, Kitten and Angela are on the watch to get the first glimpse of the new-comers.

single jewel. She seemed to be enjoying the party thoroughly.

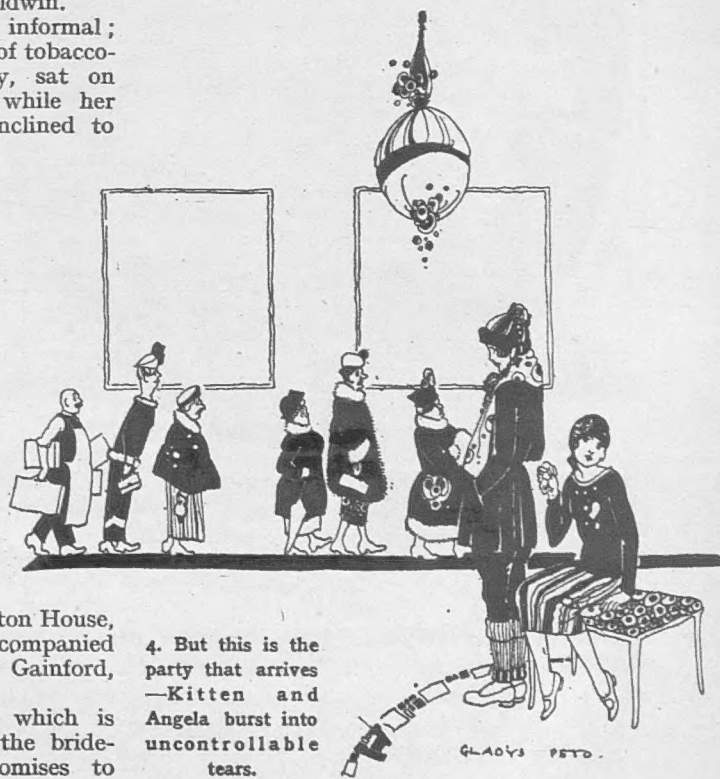
Talking of Priscilla Lady Annesley reminds me that she was one of the recent hostesses for dances, as she had a dinner before Mrs. James Annesley's ball the night after the political "crushes." The dance was at 26, Onslow Gardens, and was quite a young people's affair, in honour of Miss Sheila Annesley's coming-out. The elder daughter of the house, Miss Patricia Annesley, dances beautifully, and looked extremely well in a fuchsia-and-silver frock, while her débutante sister was in a "young-girl" pale blue, with dewdrop embroideries in crystal.

There were many dinner parties for this dance, as those who brought parties included Lady Annabel Dodds, Lady Dawkins, and Lady (Mark) Sykes. Among the girls present were Lady Betty Hay, Miss Smith, the daughter of Lady Sybil Smith; and Miss Glasgow, who is, I hear, to look quite lovely in her shawl effect at the Shawl Ball on Friday.

The Simon wedding was one of the most important gatherings of the week—rather political in flavour, too, of course. The weather did not treat Miss Joan Simon very kindly, and owing to the electric light having to be switched on in St. Margaret's, the gay yellow frocks of the bridesmaids were metamorphosed into quite a pale shade, while outside the darkness recalled November! However, the church was full, and the sight of half-a-dozen or so naval officers with gold epaulettes and swords was quite cheering. They undertook the task of "ushering," and proved highly efficient.

Miss Simon was one of the all-white brides, who are coming into fashion again, and her soft moiré dress was just draped to one side and caught gracefully in folds.

As for the guests, the Asquiths were, I suppose, the *pièce de résistance*. "Margot" was wearing that slim duck's-egg-blue cloth coat with the hard, military-looking collar



4. But this is the party that arrives—Kitten and Angela burst into uncontrollable tears.



# AT LAUNTON FOR THE 'VARSITY GRIND: SOME OF



WITH MRS. R. B. BRASSEY:  
LADY STALBRIDGE (L.).



MISS WALKER, MISS COTTON,  
AND SIR IAN WALKER.



WITH LORD CHESHAM, M.F.H.:



LADY MARY FITZMAURICE, THE HON. MRS. HUMPHREY  
DE TRAFFORD, AND LORD DALMENY.



BACKING HER FANCY:  
LADY CHESHAM.



WITH HER DAUGHTER:

There was a big gathering at the Oxford University Bullingdon Club Point-to-Point Steeplechases, held at Launton, near Bicester. Lord and Lady Stalbridge both came to see their son, the Hon. Hugh Raufe Grosvenor, ride in the 'chases.—Sir Ian Walker, third Baronet, was also present with his sister, Miss Enid Walker, as well as Lord Chesham, the Master of the Bicester, and Lady Chesham.—Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, who is



# THE COMPANY AT THE BULLINGDON CLUB 'CHASES.



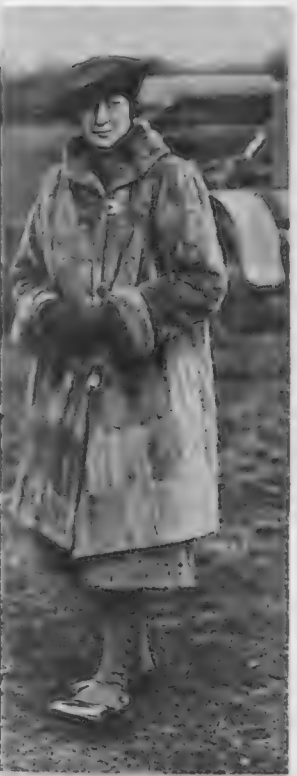
LORD SUIRDALE (L.).



WELL-KNOWN FIGURES IN THE WORLD OF SPORT:  
CAPTAIN AND MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE.



WITH MISS G. GUINNESS:  
MRS. GUINNESS.



LADY RAMSDEN.



STITCHING UP FLAVINE'S BANDAGES:  
MRS. LOVETT AT WORK.



WITH HIS SON, THE HON. H. R. GROSVENOR:  
LORD STALBRIDGE.

shown with the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford and Lord Rosebery's son, Lord Dalmeny, is the only daughter of Lord Orkney, and a recent débutante.—Lady Ramsden is the wife of Sir John Ramsden, sixth Baronet, and Miss Mary Joyce Ramsden is her only daughter.—Mrs. Lovett, who is seen at work stitching up the bandages of Miss Hodson's Flavine, is a niece of Lord Long.—[Photographs by B.I., T.P.A., and S. and G.]

# At the Shorncliffe Drag Hunt Point-to-Point 'Chases.

Miss K. Champneys  
and Miss  
M. Champneys



Miss N. Trollope, Miss L. V. Atkinson, Mrs. Knox-Gore, Miss J. Atkinson and Mrs. Anson.



Capt. T. L. Wall, Mrs. Motion, Mr. Whitehead-Rand, Mrs. Wall, Miss Forestier-Walker & Miss Powell.



Mr. G. W. R. Templer,  
Miss M. Money  
and  
Miss M. Pease.



Mr. and Mrs. Champneys in the Paddock.



Miss Stent (left)  
& Mrs. Brookender.



Miss Tew,  
Miss Barbara Tew,  
and Mrs. Maturin.

## THE GATHERING AT PARK FARM, BRABOURNE: LOTS OF FUN IN SPITE OF THE COLD.

The Shorncliffe Drag Hunt Point-to-Point races were held last week, and were very well attended. The Master and Huntsman is Lieutenant-

Colonel J. H. Gibbon, D.S.O., R.A. Mess, Shorncliffe, and the pack consists of twenty couple of hounds which belong to Shorncliffe Garrison.



A Dolly's Reveller—  
from  
"Little Nellie Kelly?"



A DANCER AT THE PICCADILLY HOTEL  
CABARET : MISS MARION FORDE.

Miss Marion Forde is one of the enchanting Forde Sisters, whose dancing was one of the features of "Little Nellie Kelly" at the New Oxford. She is now appearing with her sister, Miss Ethel Forde, in "Dolly's

Revels," the new cabaret show at the Piccadilly Hotel, designed and staged by Mr. Edward Dolly, which is one of the latest attractions of town.—[Photographs by Reville Studios.]

## Including Young Enthusiasts: Hunting Snapshots.



The Misses  
Liberty.  
Miriam and Nica  
Rothschild.

Mrs. Page, Miss Alice Bentinck & Mr. D. Page.



Major & Mrs Charles Leveson-Gower & their son Alan.



The little  
daughter  
of the Master  
of the Garth:  
Miss Molly Cayzer.



Sir John and Lady Lees and Mrs. H. M. Hill.



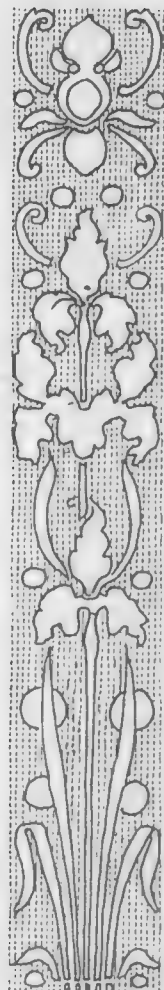
The son of  
Mr. Lionel  
Rothschild:  
Master Eddie  
Rothschild.

## OLD SURREY, BLANKNEY, GARTH, WHADDON CHASE, AND BEAUFORT PICTURES.

The snapshot of the three daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rothschild was taken at Tring Park, Hertfordshire, the residence of Lord Rothschild.—Major Charles Leveson-Gower, of Titsey Place, Limpsfield, Surrey, is a former Master of the Old Surrey and Burstow.—Miss Alice Bentinck is the younger daughter of Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, and is shown

at a meet of the Blankney.—Major Sir H. R. Cayzer was made a Baronet in the New Year's Honours List.—Master Eddie Rothschild, who is shown after being blooded with the Whaddon Chase, is the only son of Mr. Lionel Rothschild.—Sir John Lees, D.S.O., M.C., is the third Baronet, and is shown with Lady Lees at a meet of the Beaufort.

# Wife of the First Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer.



## AUTHOR OF "THROUGH BOLSHIEVİK RUSSIA" AND "A POLITICAL PILGRIM IN EUROPE": MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the wife of Mr. Philip Snowden, the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the daughter of Mr. Richard Annakin, of Harrogate, and was married in 1905. Her book, "Through Bolshevik Russia," published in 1920, after her visit to the distraught country, roused much interest. Mrs. Snowden said of Lenin: "It was the persistent, unnatural merriment of those amused eyes which gradually increased my distaste to the point of horror." "A Political Pilgrim in Europe" was Mrs. Snowden's second book.







## The Clubman. By Beveren.

Labour and Evening Clothes. One thing that seems clear is that the new Labour Ministers are ready and anxious to fulfil every detail of the responsibilities of his Majesty's Government. Nor does there appear to be any desire to do away with what is picturesque and has historical meaning in some of the age-long ceremonial.

The matter of Court dress is settling itself; the newly appointed officials of the Royal Household—Labour men all—are talking kindly to their duties, are not shying at the black velvet coats and silk stockings; and although morning coats or workaday clothes was the general note at Labour's first big reception—the one at the Hyde Park Hotel—I think that in time Labour will fall in with the evening-clothes custom; for one thing, because uniform black and white among the men provides the best setting off for the dresses of womankind.

There were quite a number of people at Mrs. Noel Buxton's most pleasant and sociable reception who wear evening clothes nine nights out of ten; and if you think it out, this giving up of evening clothes can in some cases look much like a form of inverted snobbery. One remembers that Mr. Bernard Shaw gained advertisement when he singled himself out from the remainder of a first-night audience by occupying a box and showing himself in a tweed suit and cap. But then, Mr. Shaw understands advertisement, and is bold enough to follow his own line of conduct.

On the whole, I don't think that the advent of a Labour Government is going to bring about a decline in the wearing of evening clothes.

### The Pathan and the Babus.

The possibility of Home Rule for India continues to occupy the minds—anxiously so—of those who know that vast continent of many races, some of them as different from each other as Great Britain is from Czecho-Slovakia, or France from Germany. I heard one celebrated General say the other day that to try and make India one nation would be much like trying to do a similar thing to Europe. However, the matter is one for the politicians to settle.

The same General, who is a man who takes a very human view of Indian aspirations, mentioned that not long ago he had to sit on a body delegated to try and settle some of the "Indianisation" problems.

On this council were three Babus, trading men, and a Pathan. Every member of the council declared he was trying to strike a middle course, and was thinking of what was best for India. "But all the time," said the General, "I felt that the fighting man, the Pathan, was itching to slit the throats of the other natives. And I was right. The Pathan confessed to me afterwards that that was just what he had been longing to do."

### More Work, Less Play.

I understand that at Oxford and Cambridge just now a rather severe view is taken of the undergraduate who goes up mainly with the idea of achieving athletic distinction. "We are first of all an academic institution," said an Oxford Don to one of these young gentlemen. I am told that one of Oxford's best oarsmen has at last managed to pass one most necessary examination; otherwise, he would have had to go down; which was the fate, not long ago, of one of the prominent cricketers at Cambridge.

The entrance examinations to some of the colleges have been stiffened up, and there are two young golfers of proved ability who for long have tried to pass the entrance examination at one of the Oxford colleges—so far without success.

The late Lord Chaplin, when first at Christchurch, kept a string of hunters, and paid little heed to the academical side of the University. But when the effort was required of him, he showed he could work as hard as anyone. One rowing expert stayed five years at Cambridge solely to get his rowing "blue." He is said in all that time never to have opened a book. It is improbable that we shall see his like again. Such examples belong to the careless and picturesque past. Those days are gone. Life has become too serious, and too keen a struggle.

**The Criticism.** The late Mr. Nat Goodwin was one of the American actors whom we in England took to our hearts—even more, perhaps, in the social world than on the stage. That is one of the reasons why so many stories are still told about him in this country.

Nat Goodwin showed better in light comedy than in the more exacting rôles. Yet always he had a longing to play Shakespeare, and the creations of other classic authors. Once he tried Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," and a certain critic so roundly expressed the opinion that Goodwin was a failure in the part—made it a comedy part, in fact—that he and the actor ceased to be on speaking terms.

However, one day they met in a club, and the critic said to Mr. Goodwin: "Let's bury our differences and be friends again." Nat Goodwin, ever of a friendly disposition, agreed, and they split a bottle at the fresh cementing of their friendship.

They talked a good deal, and, after a while, Goodwin, in a gush of confidence, whispered to the critic: "I'll tell you something. I'm going to try 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'—I'm going to play Bottom."

"Thank God," exclaimed the critic enthusiastically, "there's one character in Shakespeare in which you won't make the people laugh."

**An Example.** What sensible people are hoping, now that Labour is in power, is that some sort of effort will be made to inspire British workmen with the idea that it is not derogatory to work hard and to show a sense of craftsmanship. One understands that the Trade Unions, to maintain their place in the scheme of things, must insist on conditions of work for which they have fought; but a common-sense head of a business in the North gave me an example of how stupidly the trade union rules can work.

A woollen firm turned out its goods for overseas, very neatly packed. Hydraulic power was used to press each bale. Then the goods were placed in the canvas covers got ready for them, and, the covers having been stitched up, the stuff, relieved from the hydraulic pressure, gradually expanded, so that in the result the stitched-up pack was very compact, tight, and neat to look at. A bale of stuff had just been placed under the hydraulic press. The hour for knocking off came. To have completed the job, or even to have removed the bale from the hydraulic press, would, strictly speaking, have been to work after hours. So that bale of stuff was left under the press all night—for some twelve hours. The pressure was too long sustained. The stuff next day would not expand and tighten up the canvas cover. So that package was ruined—all for a matter of a few minutes' extra work.



PEKOE'S BONZO SHAKES HANDS WITH MASTER'S SON: MR. GEORGE ATTERBURY, OF "ALADDIN," AT BIRMINGHAM, AND MASTER LANE, THE SON OF MR. LUPINO LANE.

Mr. George Atterbury is playing the part of Bonzo, in "Aladdin," the pantomime at Birmingham. Bonzo, who is now quite accustomed to figuring on the stage, is the faithful dog of Pekoe—played by Mr. Lupino Lane.



MR. LUPINO LANE TREATS HIS BONZO FIRMLY! THE PEKOE OF THE BIRMINGHAM "ALADDIN," AND MR. GEORGE ATTERBURY AS HIS STUDDY DOG.

Mr. Lupino Lane, who has been appearing as the Pekoe of the "Aladdin" pantomime at Birmingham, is shown with his faithful Bonzo (played by Mr. George Atterbury). It will be observed that Mr. Lane has to keep Bonzo in order—and to regulate his star turns carefully!

## The Cats!



MOTHER: Is that a nice book you're reading?

FLAPPER: Awfully; but you wouldn't like it. It has such an unhappy ending—the heroine leaves him, and he has to go back to his wife.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



HE: Is your leading lady popular?

SHE: Oh, quite—we call her "Felix."

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



## Ripples from the Riviera: All That's New Under the Sun.

By MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

### The Elixir of Long Youth.

I have never counted how many countries there are in the world (geography is not my forte); but I suppose there are quite a lot, really. There must be, for every gala night on the Riviera is given in honour of some different nation or other; and galas are legion! There are the Russian nights, the Roman nights, the Spanish, the Chinese, the Venetian, the Alaskan, the Czecho-Slovakian, the Tziliap, the Timbuctoo nights—every place under the moon is thus celebrated, except, perhaps, Wigan; but I am not even sure of that! The "Proconsul Gala Night" at the Ruhl, where an army of waiters served us dressed (!) as Ancient Greeks, certainly made history in the annals of Nice! Thus does a tactful organisation make every visitor as happy and important as the "fêted" calf; and at the same time add spice and novelty to the entertainment; for there is a lot and a lure in a name! After having danced seven nights out of eight, wise people decide they'll go to bed early, after a weak flutter at the Casino; and then, facing them in letters of fire, they are dazzled by this announcement: "Great Gala! Special Monégasque Night!" (Except that it never is Monégasque; *couleur locale* not being particularly striven for.) And so, wise people do as wise people usually do—they break those most brittle of all things: resolutions!

And I really believe that the true and only elixir of long youth (who wants the elixir of long life?) is to do what is pleasant. In fact, I am sure of it, for did I not see with mine own eyes that "strong and silent" man of action, Admiral Mark Kerr, cutting capers like a two-year-old (but, of course, much more steadily), and, indeed executing a fanciful *pas-de-deux* with fairy-like Marjorie Moss on the last gala night at the Ambassadeurs? Seldom has any exhibition dancing received so much applause. True, the Admiral had a goodly and sympathetic audience on that night. At one table the Duke of Westminster was entertaining Lady Poulett, Lord Pembroke, Major Gunnings, Mrs. Satterthwaite, and others (whose backs were turned).

Someone else who seemed to enjoy modern dancing was Adeline Genée, looking very fresh and fit and smart in a dress of many colours, all embroidered over a black background. For a great ballet star to dance the "Blues" with delighted abandon, and not a bit condescendingly, is indeed a rare and remarkable thing. As a rule, they turn up their toes at it!

### Short Hair—Long Earrings.

Those long earrings we are all wearing now are a heavy responsibility. So heavy, in fact, that they generally fall and break, or are trodden upon or lost. Unless our ears are pierced; but few women whose ears are intact would dream of having them mutilated for the whim of a moment! So we cheerfully wear imitations (works of art, all of them), and can afford to match each of our dresses or hats with earrings of different colours—very effective, too! The shorter the hair, the longer the earrings. Not content to wear our hair shingled, the most daring among us have it close-cropped all round—*à la garçonne*—with just a strand in front. It is hideous, unless one happens to be so faultlessly beautiful that it does not matter what one does to oneself.

The book, "La Garçonne," Victor Margueritte's novel, is responsible for many of the failings

Dalbaicin is here. She appeared last week at a concert given at the Palace by the Hereditary Princess and Prince Pierre of Monaco.

Cavaliere, of the cameo profile, swathed in a gold gown, attracted much admiration on the first night of the opera in a box from which she was listening to her husband, Muratore, in "Pagliacci." Then another woman whose talent and face have made her famous, Raquel Meller, is appearing at the Casino on the 22nd in aid of charity.

Maria Sandra (whose delightful voice was much applauded by the Duke of Connaught, amongst many others, at her concert the other day) is also one of those who are admired both for their loveliness and their talent.

### The Fun of Looking On.

It's more restful, and ever so much cheaper, to watch the play at the Casino, and especially the players, than to play oneself. After a while, the onlooker begins to discern racial characteristics in the manner, mode, and mood of the gamblers. The Italian is intensely superstitious—so much so that the story is told of an Italian Count, inveterate gambler, whose neighbour at the table happened to be a lady of enormous proportions. In the excitement of the game, the lady moving suddenly, the foot of her chair came down on the toe of the Count at the same time as he was having his first win of the evening. His Latin imagination linked the two incidents; the Count actually suffered his elephantine neighbour to remain seated, weighing on his poor foot, during the rest of his play—he did not want to "break the luck."

The Russian is fatalistic in a hopeless sort of way. The Frenchman is very business-like, alert and logical; he is one of the few who can tear themselves away from the table after a win, rather than tempt the fates, "just once more." The Englishman is often quixotic, and in a *milieu* where sex, age, and rank are generally of no account, has been known to stake again, much against his better judgment or inclination, simply because his winnings have been some woman's loss. He calls it "playing the game"; but the true gambler shrugs his shoulders at him.

Gambling and cricket are two different games! Naturally, everyone has a system (and each system is the one true and infallible one!)—even those whom one would least suspect of superstition.



AT CANNES RACES: LADY AND MISS YULE.

Lady Yule is the wife of Sir David Yule, first Baronet. Miss Yule is her only child.

Photograph by L.N.A.

of flapperhood, and it is still a best-seller here; even though it is banned in Czecho-Slovakia!

It is a relief to see a woman with hair such as Nature has given us. I don't mean merely as regards cut. I love the way Mme. Vachell dresses her fair hair, parted in the middle and knotted at the back in a Grecian *chignon*. I also much admired her silver dress of lamé and lace, trimmed with tiny silver roses. There is so much that is bizarre and *outré* around us, hitting us in the eye these days, that one gazes with pleasure once more on prettiness and elegance.

And about beautiful women: they seem to have chosen the same time in which to visit the Riviera. The gorgeously, sumptuously beautiful Maria



AN EASTERN POTENTATE IN WESTERN DRESS: THE SHAH OF PERSIA (LEFT) AT NICE.

The Shah of Persia is one of the many Royalties who have been on the Riviera this year. Our snapshot shows him leaving his hotel at Nice.

Photograph by L.N.A.



## The Beautiful and Courageous Châtelaine of Kilmorony.



WIDOW OF COLONEL SIR ANTHONY WELDON, D.S.O., AND MOTHER OF THE PRESENT BARONET:  
LADY WELDON, O.B.E.—AND HER SON'S ALSATIAN.

Lady Weldon is the mother of Sir Anthony Weldon, seventh Baronet, who has just come of age. The late Baronet was one of the most popular men of the day, both in this country and in Ireland. He was many years with the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, as A.D.C., and latterly as Private Military Secretary. He was subsequently State Steward and Chamberlain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was

Lieutenant for Co. Kildare. Since her husband's death, in 1917, Lady Weldon has devoted nearly all her time to looking after Kilmorony, the family seat in Co. Kildare, for her son. She has farmed it and run it herself, and has lived through perilous days, and had many exciting experiences of night raids, meetings with armed men, fights and ambushes round the place. She has two sons in addition to Sir Anthony.

Photographs by Yevonde.

# THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.



HERCULE POIROT.

## No. VIII.—THE BAITED TRAP.

IT was mid-January—a typical English winter day in London, damp and dirty. Poirot and I were sitting in two chairs well drawn up to the fire. I was aware of my friend looking at me with a quizzical smile, the meaning of which I could not fathom.

"A penny for your thoughts," I said lightly.

"I was thinking, my friend, that at midsummer, when you first arrived, you told me that you proposed to be in this country for a couple of months only."

"Did I say that?" I asked, rather awkwardly. "I don't remember."

Poirot's smile broadened. "You did, *mon ami*. Since then, you have changed your plan, is it not so?"

"Er—yes, I have."

"And why is that?"

"Dash it all, Poirot, you don't think I'm going to leave you all alone when you're up against a thing like the Big Four—do you?"

Poirot nodded gently. "Just as I thought. You are a staunch friend, Hastings. It is to serve me that you remain on here. And your wife—little Cinderella, as you call her—what does she say?"

"I haven't gone into details, of course; but she understands. She'd be the last one to wish me to turn my back on a pal."

"Yes, yes; she, too, is a loyal friend. But it is going to be a long business, perhaps."

I nodded, rather discouraged. "Six months already," I mused, "and where are we? You know, Poirot, I can't help thinking that we ought to—well, to do something."

"Always so energetic, Hastings! And what precisely would you have me do?"

This was somewhat of a poser; but I was not going to withdraw from my position. "We ought to take the offensive," I urged. "What have we done all this time?"

"More than you think, my friend. We have learned that the head of this organisation is the Chinaman, Li Chang Yen; that the man designated as Number Two is the American millionaire, Abe Ryland—the richest man in the world. We have discovered also the identity of Number Three: Mme. Olivier, the world-famous scientist. And we have learned a little—not much, but a little—of the methods and ways of the mysterious Number Four."

I brightened up a little. As Poirot put it, things didn't sound so bad.

"Oh, yes, Hastings; we have done a great deal. It is true that I am not in a position to accuse either Ryland or Mme. Olivier—who would believe me? You remember once when I thought I had Ryland successfully cornered? Nevertheless, I have made my suspicions known in certain quarters—the highest. Lord Alloway, who enlisted my help in the matter of the stolen submarine plans, is fully cognisant of all my information respecting the Big Four—and while others may doubt, he believes. Ryland and Mme. Olivier, and Li Chang Yen himself may go their ways; but there is a searchlight turned on all their movements."

"And Number Four?" I asked.

"As I said just now—I am beginning to know and understand his methods. You

may smile, Hastings; but to penetrate a man's personality, to know exactly what he will do under any given circumstances—that is the beginning of success. It is a duel between us; and whilst he is constantly giving away his mentality to me, I endeavour to let him know little or nothing of mine. He is in the light, I in the shade. I tell you, Hastings, that every day they fear me the more for my chosen inactivity."

"They've let us alone, anyway," I observed. "There have been no more attempts on your life, and no ambushes of any kind."

"No," said Poirot thoughtfully. "On the whole, that rather surprises me. Especially as there are one or two fairly obvious ways of getting at us which I should have thought certain to have occurred to them. You catch my meaning, perhaps?"

"An infernal machine of some kind?" I hazarded.

Poirot made a sharp click with his tongue, expressive of impatience.

"But no! I appeal to your imagination, and you can suggest nothing more subtle than bombs in the fireplace. Well, well; I have need of some matches. I will promenade myself despite the weather. Pardon, my friend, but is it possible that you read 'The Future of the Argentine,' 'A Mirror of Society,' 'Cattle Breeding,' 'The Clue of Crimson,' and 'Sport in the Rockies' at one and the same time?"

I laughed, and admitted that "The Clue of Crimson" was at present engaging my sole attention. Poirot shook his head sadly.

"But replace then the others in the book-shelf! Never, never shall I see you embrace the order and the method. *Mon Dieu!* what then is a book-shelf for?"

I apologised humbly, and Poirot, after replacing the offending volumes, each in its appointed place, went out and left me to uninterrupted enjoyment of my selected book. I must admit, however, that I was half asleep when Mrs. Pearson's knock at the door aroused me.

"A telegram for you, Captain." I tore the orange envelope open without much interest. Then I sat as though turned to stone. It was a cable from Bronsen, my manager out at the South American ranch; and it ran as follows:

"Mrs. Hastings disappeared yesterday feared been kidnapped some gang calling itself big four cable instructions have notified police but no clue as yet Bronsen."

I waved Mrs. Pearson out of the room, and sat as though stunned, reading the words over and over again. Cinderella—kidnapped! In the hands of the infamous Big Four! God! what could I do? Poirot! I must have Poirot. He would advise me. He would checkmate them somehow. In a few minutes now he would be back. I must wait patiently until then. But Cinderella—in the hands of the Big Four!

Another knock. Mrs. Pearson put her head in once more.

"A note for you, Captain—brought by a heathen Chinaman. He's a-waiting downstairs."

I seized it from her. It was brief and to the point. "If you ever wish to see your wife again, go with the bearer of this note immediately. Leave no message for

your friend or she will suffer." It was signed with a big "4."

What ought I to have done? What would you who read have done in my place?

I had no time to think. I saw only one thing—Cinderella in the power of those devils. I must obey—I dare not risk a hair of her head. I must go with this Chinaman and follow whither he led. It was a trap, yes, and it meant certain capture and possible death; but it was baited with the person dearest to me in the whole world, and I dared not hesitate.

What irked me most was to leave no word for Poirot. Once set him on my track, and all might yet be well. Dare I risk it? Apparently I was under no supervision, but yet I hesitated. It would have been so easy for the Chinaman to come up and assure himself that I was keeping to the letter of the command. Why didn't he? His very abstention made me more suspicious. I had seen so much of the omnipotence of the Big Four that I credited them with almost superhuman powers. For all I knew, even the little bedraggled servant girl might be one of their agents.

No, I dared not risk it. But one thing I could do—leave the telegram. He would know then that Cinderella had disappeared, and who was responsible for her disappearance. All this passed through my head in less time than it takes to tell, and I had clapped on my hat and was descending the stairs to where my guide waited in a little over a minute.

The bearer of the message was a tall, impassive Chinaman, neatly but rather shabbily dressed. He bowed and spoke to me. His English was perfect, but he spoke with a slight sing-song intonation.

"You Captain Hastings?"

"Yes," I said.

"You give me note, please."

I had foreseen the request, and handed him over the scrap of paper without a word. But that was not all.

"You have telegram to-day—yes? Come along just now? From South America—yes?"

I realised anew the excellence of their espionage system—or it might have been a shrewd guess. Bronsen was bound to cable me. They would wait until the cable was delivered and would strike hard upon it. No good could come of denying what was palpably true.

"Yes," I said; "I did get a telegram."

"You fetch him—yes? Fetch him now."

I ground my teeth, but what could I do? I ran upstairs again. As I did so, I thought of confiding in Mrs. Pearson, at any rate as far as Cinderella's disappearance went. She was on the landing; but close behind her was the little maid-servant, and I hesitated. If she was a spy? The words of the note danced before my eyes—"... she will suffer..." I passed into the sitting-room without speaking.

I took up the telegram and was about to pass out again when an idea struck me. Could I not leave some sign which would mean nothing to my enemies, but which

(Continued on page 361.)



## Gilbert and Sullivan Stars.



IN THE NAME-PART OF "PATIENCE": MISS WINIFRED LAWSON.

The Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Princes has roused the greatest enthusiasm, as the popularity of the famous series of comic operas never wanes. Their music enchants those who remember it long ago, and wins new admirers from the members of the younger generation whose memories do not carry them back to the original production of the witty, high-spirited

operas. On this and the following pages we give pictures of some of the stars of the D'Oyly Carte company who are now appearing in the Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Miss Winifred Lawson is shown as Patience, which is to be produced on March 31, and will run for a fortnight. Miss Elsie Griffin, another star of the company, was shown in our issue of Feb. 6.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.

# Daft Madge, Crazy Meg, Mad Margaret: Poor Peg.



AS MAD MARGARET IN "RUDDIGORE": MISS EILEEN SHARP.

"Ruddigore" is the second Gilbert and Sullivan opera to be given in the present season at the Princes. It succeeded "Iolanthe" on

Monday last, Feb. 18, and is to have a two-weeks' run. Miss Eileen Sharp played the name-part in "Iolanthe."

Photograph by Bassano.



## Her Grace of Old Venice.



AS THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA TORO IN "THE GONDOLIERS": MISS BERTHA LEWIS.

"The Gondoliers" is one of the most popular of all the Gilbert and Sullivan favourites, and is promised for a fortnight, from March 10 till 22, during the present season at the Princes Theatre. Miss Bertha Lewis,

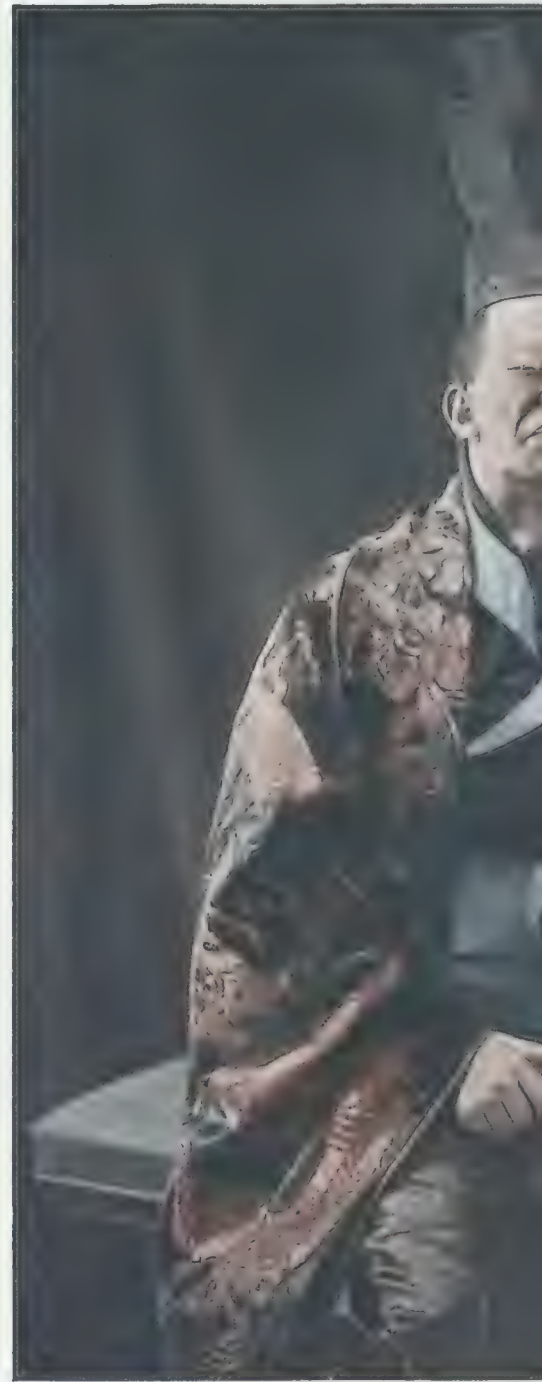
one of the stars of the D'Oyly Carte company, played the Queen of the Fairies in the production of "Iolanthe," in which the new costumes designed by Mr. Norman Wilkinson were so much admired.

Photograph by Janet Jevons

## STROLLING JESTER, DREAD MIKADO, AND G



AS JACK POINT IN "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD":  
MR. HENRY A. LYTON.



IN THE NAME-PART  
MR. DARRELL

Our trio of portraits shows three of the artists who are appearing in the present D'Oyly Carte season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Princes Theatre, in costume. "The Yeomen of the Guard; or the Merryman and his Maid," is one of the best known and most popular of all the series of "evergreen" operas, and is to be given for a fortnight at the end of the present season, which closes on May 24. "The Mikado" is to run from April 14 till April 26, and is, of course, the opera in which such well-known numbers as "A Wandering Minstrel I,"



# AND INQUISITOR: A TRIO OF GILBERTIANS.



"THE MIKADO":  
FANCOURT.



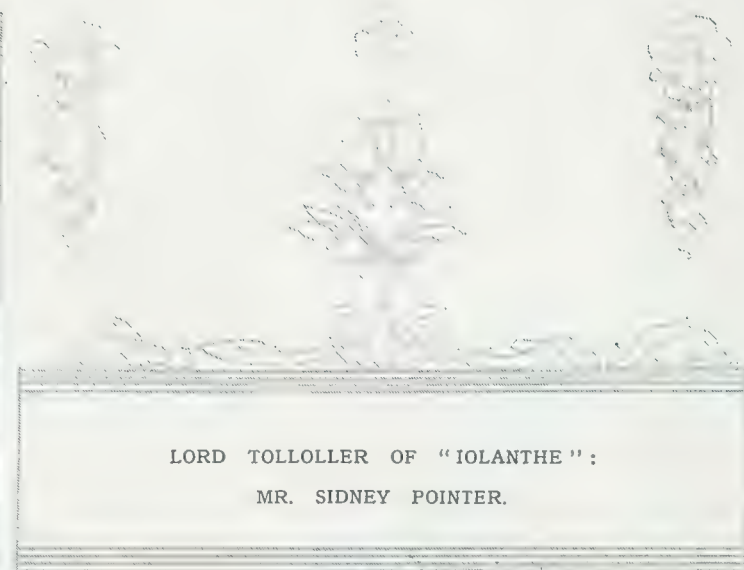
AS DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO, THE GRAND INQUISITOR,  
IN "THE GONDOLIERS": MR. LEO SHEFFIELD.

"Three Little Maids from School," and "Willow, Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow" are to be found. "The Gondoliers" is to follow "Princess Ida" for a fortnight from March 10 till the 22nd. "The Gondoliers" is the source of many favourite songs, including the famous "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes." Mr. Henry A. Lytton, Mr. Darrell Fancourt, and Mr. Leo Sheffield are three of the best-known artists of the D'Oyly Carte Gilbert and Sullivan operatic company. — [Photographs by Ernest H. Mills.]

## One of the Gondolieri, and a Well-Connected Lover.



AS GIUSEPPE IN "THE GONDOLIERS":  
MR. SYDNEY GRANVILLE.



LORD TOLLOLLER OF "IOLANTHE":  
MR. SIDNEY POINTER.



Mr. Sydney Granville is to be seen as Giuseppe in the forthcoming production of "The Gondoliers," which is promised for March 10, at the Princes Theatre. It will be remembered that the song, "We're called gondolieri, But that's a vagary, It's quite honorary, The trade that we ply," occurs in this opera, and is sung by Marco and Giuseppe. Mr. Sydney Granville was seen as Strephon in the recent production of

"Iolanthe," and was pictured in "The Sketch" in that character in our issue of Feb. 13.—Mr. Sidney Pointer was seen in the rôle of Earl Tolloller, in "Iolanthe," the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to be produced this season at the Princes Theatre. In that part it will be remembered that he has the amusing number, "Spurn not the nobly born, With love affected, Nor treat with virtuous scorn The well-connected."

Photographs by Herbert C. Hughes and Bassano.



## Bonzo's Latest: This Week's Studdy.



BONZO, CHEE-KEE, AND JOCK SUDDENLY REMEMBER THEIR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is now on sale, and should be secured without delay, before it is sold out.

## A Beautiful Young Married Woman.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF CLONMELL: LADY MOIRA COMBE.

Lady Moira Combe is the elder daughter of the seventh Earl of Clonmell. She was born in 1902, and her marriage to Major Henry Christian Seymour Combe, D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards, took place in 1920. Major Combe is the elder son of Captain Christian and

Lady Jane Combe, and grandson of Marquess Conyngham; and he and Lady Moira have a little girl, Moulie Estelle, who was born in 1921. Lady Moira Combe is one of the prettiest and most popular of the young married women in Society.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.



Continued.]

Poirot himself would find significant? I hurried across to the bookcase and tumbled out four books on to the floor. No fear of Poirot's not seeing them. They would outrage his eyes immediately—and, coming on top of his little lecture, surely they would be thought unusual? Next I put a shovelful of coal on the fire and managed to spill four knobs into the grate. I had done all I could—pray heaven Poirot would read the sign aright.

I hurried down again. The Chinaman took the telegram from me, read it, then placed it in his pocket, and with a nod beckoned me to follow him.

It was a long, weary march that he led me. Once we took a 'bus, and once we went for some considerable way in a tram, and always our route led us steadily eastward. We went through strange districts, the existence of which I had never dreamed of. We were down by the docks now, I knew, and I realised that I was being taken into the heart of Chinatown. In spite of myself I shivered. Still my guide plodded on, turning and twisting through mean streets and byways, until at last he stopped at a dilapidated house and rapped four times upon the door.

It was opened immediately by another Chinaman, who stood aside to let us pass in. The clanging to of the door behind me was the knell of my last hopes. I was indeed in the hands of the enemy.

I was now handed over to the second Chinaman. He led me down some rickety stairs and into a cellar which was filled with bales and casks, and which exhaled a pungent odour as of Eastern spices. I felt wrapped all round with the atmosphere of the East—tortuous, cunning, sinister. . . .

Suddenly my guide rolled aside two of the casks, and I saw a low tunnel-like opening in the wall. He motioned me to go ahead. The tunnel was of some length, and it was just too low for me to stand upright. At last, however, it broadened out into a passage, and a few minutes later we stood in another cellar.

My Chinaman went forward and rapped four times on one of the walls. To my amazement, a whole section of the wall swung out, leaving a narrow doorway. I passed through, and, to my utter astonishment, found myself in a kind of Arabian Nights palace—a low, long, subterranean chamber hung with rich Oriental silks, brilliantly lighted, and fragrant with perfumes and spices. There were five or six silk-covered divans, and exquisite carpets of Chinese workmanship covered the ground. At the end of the room was a curtained recess. From behind these curtains came a voice—

"You have brought our honoured guest?"

"Excellency, he is here," replied my guide.

"Let our guest enter," was the answer.

At the same moment the curtains were drawn aside by an unseen hand, and I was facing an immense cushioned divan on which sat a tall, thin Oriental, dressed in wonderfully embroidered robes, and clearly, by the length of his finger-nails, a great man.

"Be seated, I pray you, Captain Hastings," he said, with a wave of his hand. "You acceded to my request to come immediately, I am glad to see."

"Who are you?" I asked. "Li Chang Yen?"

"Indeed no; I am but the humblest of the Master's servants. I carry out his behests, that is all, as do other of his servants in other countries—in South America, for instance."

I advanced a step. "Where is she? What have you done with her out there?"

"She is in a place of safety—where none will find her. As yet, she is unharmed. You observe that I say—as yet!"

Cold shivers ran down my spine as I confronted this smiling devil. "What do you want?" I cried. "Money?"

"My dear Captain Hastings, we have no designs on your small savings, I can assure you. Not—pardon me—a very intelligent suggestion on your part. Your colleague would not have made it, I fancy."

"I suppose," I said heavily, "you wanted to get me into your toils. Well, you have succeeded. I have come here with my eyes open. Do what you like with me, and let her go. She knows nothing, and she can be of no possible use to you. You've used her to get hold of me—you've got me all right, and that settles it."

The smiling Oriental caressed his smooth cheek, watching me obliquely out of his narrow eyes.

"You go too fast," he said purringly. "That does not quite—settle it. In fact, to 'get hold of you,' as you express it, is not really our objective. But through you, we hope to get hold of your friend, M. Hercule Poirot."

"I'm afraid you won't do that," I said, with a short laugh.

"What I suggest is this," continued the other, his words running on as though he had not heard me. "You will write M. Hercule Poirot a letter, such a letter as will induce him to hasten hither and join you."

"I shall do no such thing," I said angrily.

"The consequences of refusal will be disagreeable."

"Damn your consequences."

"The alternative might be death!"

A nasty shiver ran down my spine; but I endeavoured to put a bold face upon it.

"It's no good threatening me and bullying me. Keep your threats for Chinese cowards."

"My threats are very real ones, Captain Hastings. I ask you again, will you write this letter?"

"I will not, and what's more, you daren't kill me. You'd have the police on your tracks in no time."

My interlocutor clapped his hands swiftly. Immediately two Chinese attendants appeared, as it were, out of the blue, and pinioned me. Their master said something rapidly to them in Chinese, and they dragged me across the floor to a spot in one corner of the big chamber. One of them stooped, and suddenly, without the least warning, the flooring gave beneath my feet. But for the restraining hand of the other man, I should have gone down the yawning gap beneath me. It was inky black, and I could hear the rushing of water.

"The river," said my questioner from his place on the divan. "Think well, Captain Hastings. If you refuse again, you go head-long to eternity, to meet your death in the dark waters below. For the last time, will you write that letter?"

I'm not braver than most men. I admit frankly that I was scared to death and in a blue funk. That Chinese devil meant business, I was sure of that. It was good-bye to the good old world. In spite of myself, my voice wobbled a little as I answered.

"For the last time, no! To hell with your letter!"

Then, involuntarily, I closed my eyes and breathed a short prayer. But, to my astonishment, a low laugh fell on my ears. I opened my eyes in surprise. Obeying a sign from the man on the divan, my two gaolers unpinioned me and brought me back to my old seat facing him.

"You are a brave man, Captain Hastings," he said. "We of the East appreciate bravery. I may say that I expected you to act as you have done. That brings us to the appointed second act of our little drama. Death for yourself you have faced—will you face death for another?"

"What do you mean?" I asked hoarsely, a horrible fear creeping over me.

"Surely you have not forgotten the lady who is in our power—the Rose of the Garden."

I stared at him in dumb agony.

"I think, Captain Hastings, that you will write that letter. See, I have a cable form here. The message I shall write on it depends on you, and means life or death for your wife."

The sweat broke out on my brow. My tormentor continued, smiling amiably and speaking with perfect sangfroid.

"There, Captain, the pen is ready to your hand. You have only to write. If not—"

"If not?" I echoed.

"If not, that lady that you love dies—and dies slowly. My master, Li Chang Yen, amuses himself in his spare hours by devising new and ingenious methods of torture—"

"My God!" I cried. "You fiend! Not that—you wouldn't do that—"

"Shall I recount to you some of his devices?"

Without heeding my cry of protest, his speech flowed on—evenly, serenely—till, with a cry of horror, I clapped my hands to my ears.

"It is enough, I see. Take up the pen and write."

"You would not dare—"

"Your speech is foolishness, and you know it. Take up the pen and write."

"If I do?"

"Your wife goes free. The cable shall be despatched immediately."

"How do I know that you will keep faith with me?"

"I swear it to you on the sacred tombs of my ancestors. Moreover, judge for yourself—why should I wish to do her harm? Her detention will have answered its purpose."

"And—and Poirot?"

"We will keep him in safe custody until we have concluded our operations. Then we will let him go."

"Will you swear that also on the tombs of your ancestors?"

"I have sworn one oath to you. That should be sufficient."

My heart sank. I was betraying my friend—to what? For a moment I hesitated; then the terrible alternative rose like a nightmare before my eyes. Cinderella—in the hands of these Chinese devils, dying by slow torture.

A groan rose to my lips. I seized the pen. Perhaps by careful wording of the letter, I could convey a warning, and Poirot would be enabled to avoid the trap. It was the only hope. But even that hope was not to remain. The Chinaman's voice rose, suave and courteous.

"Permit me to dictate to you."

He paused, consulted a sheaf of notes that lay by his side, and then dictated as follows.

"DEAR POIROT,—I think I'm on the track of Number Four. A Chinaman came this afternoon and lured me down here with a bogus message. Luckily, I saw through his little game in time, and gave him the slip. Then I turned the tables on him, and managed to do a bit of shadowing on my own account—rather neatly too, I flatter myself. I'm getting a bright young lad to carry this to you. Give him half-a-crown, will you? That's what I promised him if it was delivered safely. I'm watching the house, and daren't leave. I shall wait for you until six o'clock, and if you haven't come then I'll have a try at getting into the house on my own. It's too good a chance to miss, and, of course, the boy mightn't find you. But if he does, get him to bring you down here right away. And cover up those precious moustaches of yours, in case anyone's watching out from the house, and might recognise you.—Yours in haste, A. H."

Every word that I wrote plunged me deeper in despair. The thing was diabolically clever. I realised how closely every detail of our life must be known. It was just such an epistle as I might have penned myself. The acknowledgment that the China-

[Continued on page xvi.]





## Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



### I.

#### "THE FAIRY TALE," AT THE APOLLO.

IN their little workman's parlour John and his mother wove dreams of the future. John was to be a big man, and would have a tremendous house. Well, he became big—a soldier of fame and fortune—he met a maid of higher station than himself; he married her, and with her the tremendous house, and he rose to be a general. But his prowess often took him away from home; she was lovely, neglected as she thought; a former admirer wooed her, and on the day the general came back for good and was acclaimed by king and people, his wife turned away from him. He could not understand; he appealed, he implored, he urged, and then he wrung it from her. She was to be a mother—the mother of the other man's child. John, who had faced death, had never met such an enemy before—the greatest enemy of all. What was he to do? He loved her still; but the disgrace of it—an unfaithful wife and a child to come—not his own. He was in rage and despair; he would cast her off; but his old mother came back, and she sank into his heart the godliest of gifts—forgiveness.

Things may not happen in life that way; but remember this is a fairy tale; and as it is beautifully told—if rather at length and laboriously in the last act—we tried to believe it.

Godfrey Tearle was magnificent in the part; he looked it: he was great in moments, grand in aspect. To him went out our heartfelt sympathy. Miss Mona McGill has never done anything better than the wife.

### II.

#### "NOT IN OUR STARS," AT WYNDHAM'S.

THERE is much more in this remarkable play, I venture to suggest, than has hitherto been discovered. I have heard and read that it is bewildering, dull, dense; I found it clear, engrossing, lucid in its expounding of a theory.

It is a case of premonition and a brain-storm.

Just as in Italy *mal' occhio*, the evil eye, affects the destiny of the peasant, there are everywhere in the world people who have a strange foreboding of their fate. I have known fishermen in Holland who, without telling a word to their family, confided to their intimate friends that they knew that this journey would be their last—and never came back; in my library of criminological books I have found murder cases with confessions of the perpetrators that during the whole of their lives they were obsessed with the thought that they would take life and pay the penalty of it; I have met erstwhile rich men, starving and sick to death, admitting that even in their heydays, the thought persecuted them that they would end in the workhouse. Felix Mengais, *blasé*, overwrought, neurotic, was one of these unhappy beings. He would not have hurt a fly, yet an inner uncanny power drove him to the murder of the man, who was his rival in love, and to the supreme penalty of the law. He lived with that fatal thought, and it lured him on. On the day of his betrothal, when a nerve-crisis attacked him, he saw it all—backwards: the condemned cell, the trial, the murder, the cause, the betrothal. Why backwards? Because, of all these horrible thoughts, the morning of the execution was the climax of the hallucination—the everlasting dread that haunted him by day and by night.

If we approach this play in the spirit of mere entertainment, it may be bewildering, disappointing, perhaps ludicrous. It is caviare to the general public. But viewed with some knowledge of life, with some

introspection of that which may go on in the brain-box of people abnormally constructed, it is of absorbing interest. I, for one, found it deeply moving and stimulating. To me it was all as clear as crystal. A complete diagnosis of a pathological case, and a wonderful performance by Sir Gerald du Maurier. In a sense, the play is a monologue. It is one man's sad and great adventure. However well all the other characters were interpreted, the interest concentrated on the victim—we could not call him the hero—who went through the whole gamut of human emotions, from mental fear to fervent love. In all these phases Sir Gerald was true to life. In the scenes in the condemned cell he rose to tragic power. In the attack of the nerve-storm, his symptoms and facial expression showed poignantly the change that overcame his normal mentality. Never in his brilliant career has Sir Gerald displayed such versatility, such power to immerse his own strong personality in a being rent by the fear of anticipation and the dread of destiny.



THE FILM VERSION OF "ANNA CHRISTIE," AT THE PALACE: MISS BLANCHE SWEET AS ANNA AND MR. GEORGE MARION AS CHRIS CHRISTOPHERSON, HIS ORIGINAL RÔLE.

"Anna Christie," the remarkable play by Eugene O'Neill, the American playwright, roused much interest when it was produced over here last year, and it may now be seen in its screen version as a First National Picture at the Palace Theatre, where it was given for the first time on Monday last, the 18th. Our photograph shows Miss Blanche Sweet in the name-part, with Mr. George Marion, who played the rôle of Chris Christopherson in the stage production, in his original rôle.

### III.

#### "THE WAY OF THE WORLD," AT THE LYRIC.

THE page is crowded, so I cannot say all I would of this glorious revival. A true picture of the times, in setting as well as figures. I must confine myself to the acting, for if I were to speak of the play, its exquisite language, humour, wit, its undeniable parentage to many modern comedies, a cameo would not suffice. There is indeed a world in this play, and its way remains unsurpassed.

Mr. Nigel Playfair, with two new feathers in his cap, as a producer and a player, has elected to let the comedy be performed at the lightning speed of farce. It may be debatable, but it is wise. It avoids thin ice, and it lightens the burden of the actors, as their velocity of speech and action covers the modernity of some.

Were I asked who seemed nearest to the eighteenth and farthest away from the century we live in, I would say: Nigel Playfair—splendid, biting, witty in the superannuated frippery of his Witwoud; Harold Scott, superfinely grotesque as the gentleman's gentleman assuming lordly manners of wonderful grace and aristocratic posturing; the charming Mistress Fainall of Miss Taylor, walking, as it were, out of a colour-print; the grand and grandiose Lady Wishfort of Miss Margaret Yarde, rather boisterous at times, but such a splendid specimen of the old belle of all times who, once bewigged and arrayed in lurid finery, would frolic and gambol with youth in quest of a wooer. The Mrs. Marwood of Miss Dorothy Green had her moments of a *charmeuse*, but she inclined to seriousness; among the maidens, Miss Hilliard was the pertest and the archest—the very type of the travestied valet to whom the mistress is not a heroine.

Mr. Robert Loraine's Mirabell was a fine figure of a man, and his voice added to the music of the language. He was less of a *farceur* than the Mirabells seen before. He was a *grand seigneur*, stately and aristocratic to a fault; a little stolid, too, occasionally. It was an original reading of the character, and an impressive one.

Miss Edith Evans' difficult task was her succession to the great Millamant of the age, Miss Ethel Irving. But cherished memories should be set aside on such an occasion, and the artist judged on her own merits.

I could imagine a Millamant more *grande dame*—thus a foil to Loraine's Mirabell in loftiness of manner; but I can imagine none more comely, more bewitching by her smile, her joy of the life-game, her simulation of indifference, her gradual yielding to the love and fascination of her cavalier. She is perhaps a little inclined to accentuate every telling line with a little laugh that would seem to provoke a response. But it is merely a detail. She gives us the character as she sees it—a radiant figure, sparkling with spirit and pleasant williness and infinite pleasure in winding all around her about her little finger.

And so once more the little Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith will witness the pilgrims' progress from all quarters of the Metropolis.

### IV.

#### "THE MASK AND THE FACE," AT THE EVERYMAN.

A STROKE of seriousness and then two acts of delicious nonsense. Here is something rarer than verbal pyrotechnics, for "The Mask and the Face" is a farcical commentary on character. The flippant, phantasmagoric, gossiping circle is etched with humour and irony, and in the foreground is Count Mario with mediæval ideas of chivalry. Like the Knights of the Round Table, he has no humour. He takes an oath that if his wife were unfaithful he would kill her. When he

finds a man in Savina's room—how shall he save his face? Since he cannot bring himself to the sticking point, he spirits her to England, while Italy, believing she lies full fathom five at the bottom of the lake, hails him as a hero. Blushing honours fall thick upon him. To preserve his mask he pretends to recover the body and arranges a funeral. Only one detail is missing in this elaborate farce of candles and crêpe. When Savina returns and insists on attending her own obsequies, the *débâcle* is complete. The bathos of it all is like a mirror. The plaster saint sees his mask at last, and laughs, wildly, pityingly. His one distinction is that he is a consummate ass.

What a wonderful *comédienne* is Miss Athene Seyler in this play. The Count Mario of Mr. Franklin Dyall is another admirable performance. His sincerity splits under the shafts of derision, and he compels a twinge of pity.



## Films of the Moment: No. V. "Three Weeks."



THE LOVERS AND THE FAMOUS TIGER-SKIN: THE QUEEN (MISS AILEEN PRINGLE) AND PAUL VERDAYNE (CONRAD NAGEL).



THE RAPTUREOUS RE-UNION OF THE LOVERS: ELINOR GLYN'S NOVEL OF PASSION ON THE SCREEN.

The Goldwyn picture, "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, was released on the 18th, and is likely to rouse much interest. Everyone knows the daring tale of the young Englishman, Paul Verdayne, who met and loved a mysterious and regal lady in an hotel in Lucerne, spent a passionate and blissful three weeks with her, and finally discovered that she was the Queen of Sardalia. In the picture, the drama of

the lovers ends with the murder of the Queen by her drunken husband; but there is a sequel in which Paul is shown revisiting Sardalia, and seeing his baby son—who closely resembles him—crowned as King of the country. The setting of the lovers' meetings in the screen story closely follows Elinor Glyn's well-known voluptuous descriptions; and, as our photographs show, the tiger-skin has not been forgotten.

# PLAYS OF THE MOMENT: NO. VI. CONGREVE'S "THE



FAINALL AND MRS. MARWOOD (MR. HAROLD ANSTRUTHER AND MISS DOROTHY GREEN).



FOIBLE (MISS SIMS): WAITWELL DISGUISED AS SIR ROWLAND (MR. HAROLD SCOTT), AND LADY WISHFORT (MISS MARGARET YARDE) (LEFT TO RIGHT).



"MINCING, STAND BETWEEN ME AND HIS WIT!" MRS. FAINALL (MISS RUTH TAYLOR), MIRABELL (MR. ROBERT LORRAINE), MILLAMANT (MISS EDITH EVANS), MINCING (MISS KATHLYN HILLIARD), AND WITWOUD (MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR).



SIR WILFULL WITWOUD  
LADY WISHFORT

"The Way of the World," which Mr. Nigel Playfair has just produced at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is Congreve's most famous play, and is considered by many scholars to be the finest prose comedy in the English language. The plot is extremely complicated, and not of any great importance; but the beautifully balanced phrases and the unrivalled wit of the great William Congreve cannot fail to thrill and charm, more especially when the production reaches the high level of that presented by Mr. Playfair. Millamant, the lady whose curl-papers were made from love-letters in verse



# WAY OF THE WORLD," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.



LADY WISHFORT AND WITWOUD (MISS MARGARET YARDE AND MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR).



"LIKE DAPHNE SHE—AS LOVELY AND AS COY!" MILLAMANT (EDITH EVANS) AND MIRABELL (ROBERT LORAINÉ).



(SCOTT RUSSELL), AND (MARGARET YARDE).



THE DÉNOUEMENT: PETULANT (NORMAN J. NORMAN), FAINALL, MIRABELL (ROBERT LORAINÉ), WITWOUD (NIGEL PLAYFAIR), SIR WILFULL WITWOUD, MILLAMANT (EDITH EVANS), AND MRS. FAINALL (RUTH TAYLOR) (L. TO R.).

only, is one of the most fascinating heroines in the world's fiction, and Miss Edith Evans presents her with great skill and charm. She makes the entry "full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out," as Congreve himself might have dreamed of his Millamant. The setting is perhaps a little fantastical—to quote the dramatic critic of the "Times": "A rattling, jaunty, jigging, almost jazzing revival"; but he continues by stating that this is probably the right way to give Congreve at this time of the day; and in any case the production is an excellent one.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

# No. VII. "It Pays to Advertise," at the Aldwych.



FINDING OUT, BY UMBRELLA-TEST, IF THE LADY IS SUPERSTITIOUS! MARY (DORIS KENDAL), THE COMTESSE (CECILIA GOLD), PEALE (WILL DEMING), RODNEY (RALPH LYNN).



THE FRENCH COMTESSE AND HER CHEQUE: RODNEY (RALPH LYNN), THE COMTESSE (CECILIA GOLD), AND PEALE (W. DEMING).



THE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR THE SOAP WHICH DOES NOT EXIST: RODNEY MARTIN (RALPH LYNN) AND HIS SANDWICH-MEN.



THE PUBLICITY EXPERT: MR. WILL DEMING AS AMBROSE PEALE.



THE HEAD OF THE "13 SOAP" BLUFF AND HIS SECRETARY-FIANCÉE: RODNEY (MR. RALPH LYNN) AND MARY (MISS DORIS KENDALL).



THE BOGUS COMTESSE DE BEAURIEN REVEALS HERSELF: MISS CECILIA GOLD.

Sir Henry Martin, the Soap King, wishes to test his son, and makes a bet with a business rival that Rodney will make more money than his boy, Ellery Clark. Martin arranges that Mary Grayson shall allow Rodney to make love to her, and accept him, so that Sir Henry may be able to turn his son out of the house. All works according to

plan; but Rodney and his "Publicity Man" friend evolve a scheme to bluff Sir Henry into buying their "13 Soap" Company. They raise money and start a huge advertising campaign, but make no soap! They nearly bluff Sir Henry; but just as he finds out the hoax, orders for "13 Soap" pour in, and the mythical business succeeds.



# A 'Varsity Prince of Denmark: The O.U.D.S. "Hamlet."



WITH A GHOST "BOTH SEPULCHRAL AND ALIVE": HAMLET (MR. GYLES ISHAM) AND HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT (MR. R. NEWLANDS).



HAMLET (MR. GYLES ISHAM) DRAGS OUT THE BODY OF POLONIUS (MR. M. A. E. FRANKLIN) BEFORE THE QUEEN (MISS FLORENCE GLOSSOP HARRIS).



THE PLAYERS RE-ENACT THE MURDER OF THE KING: ONE OF THE SCENES IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET."

Last week's production of "Hamlet" by the O.U.D.S. was the first occasion on which either University has attempted to give this most famous of Shakespeare's tragedies, and great interest was aroused by the fact that the Society had Mr. J. B. Fagan as producer, and that the Prince of Denmark should have been played by so young an actor as Mr. Gyles Isham. The beautiful planning of the lighting, and the simple and effective arrangement of the painted curtains, were extremely

successful; and the ghost scenes were skilfully managed, Mr. R. Newlands making a very impressive spectre—described by the "Times" critic as "both sepulchral and alive." Mr. Isham's Hamlet was an heroic attempt to render a part whose interpretation has intrigued generations; and the whole production of what is admittedly a play which requires the greatest actors reflects considerable credit on all those who appeared in it.—[Photographs by Hills and Saunders.]

# Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by  
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

## OXFORD SCOTTISH V. RICHMOND.

I MET the huge figure of Peter Lawless, captain of Richmond, walking down the "High" of that famous riverside resort just before the match with Oxford. Always a cheery soul, he could nevertheless see that, under the circumstances, his team had no earthly chance. In response to my asking whether it was true that they were up against the whole of the Scottish International three-quarter line—that made rings round Wales—he said, "Yes, and we've only been able to get together a 'B' team to oppose them." Now that the match is over (and Oxford, as you know, were badly beaten by 26 points to 8), perhaps we'd better not talk too much about it being a "B" team. If we are content to say that the Richmond XV. that afternoon was slightly diluted, we shall not in any way be detracting from a highly creditable performance on the part of Lawless and his merry men.

You will also remember that on the same ground, the week before, Oxford had their hitherto unblemished record destroyed by the London Scottish. On that occasion the Oxford Scottish contingent were busy away up at Edinburgh. But on the day of the defeat by Richmond they had brought with them their complete set of wee "threes." This line was all Scotch—a bristly, thistly line. It was a little disappointing that Oxford had brought down no bagpipes to go with it. Hoots, toots, then how came it about that this brilliant quartet shone so little? Weel, I'll juist tell ye a' about it. Oo aye! a vera desten-gweshed foor, richt enough: an' they a' ken fu' weel hoo to lift their feet aff' the grund. But the wee scrum laddie was sae scrimpy wi' the ba' that it wouldna have seegnaed if there had been foor puir helpless cripples behind him. Or, in plain English, the most dazzling array of three-quarters will remain ornaments throughout the game (as far as scoring goes) unless, by the combined efforts of the ten men in front of them, they can get a look at the ball.

Though Wordsworth is, of course, experimenting with the Oxford XV. just now, he seems to have underrated the strength of the Richmond pack. The match largely resolved itself into a contest between the Scottish International three-quarter line minus the ball, versus the Richmond forwards with it. I ought, in fairness to Oxford, to add that Wallace, the left-wing three-quarter, was crocked early in the first half of the game, and was unable to play at all in the second.

## S.W.A.S.

Of course, Lewis Carroll didn't make Tweedle-dee say quite these words; I have Ruggerised them—

The time has come, the Walrus said,  
To talk of many things:  
Of halves, and backs, and sealing-wax,  
Of scrummages and kings—  
And why the "ref" is boiling hot,  
And whether "threes" have wings.

It is this latter question to which I wish specially to draw your attention. Really, some "centres" seem to be perfectly oblivious

One really nice fat pass, handed to a starving wing at the right moment, will keep him going for the rest of the week.

## PEPYS AT RUGGER.

Feb. 23rd. By coach to Twickenham, which, being most monstrous full, I could not go into my seat. At which I did swear and stamp like a mad coxcomb, fearing lest I should not obtain a view of the much-talked-of sport between England and France. Anon I to my pew. After some tedious waiting, the two sides engage in much strenuous horse-play. At which I was vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen or men of reason. Then I see a runner with a leathern ball in his arms. Anon he did fling it to his neighbour. So at great speed to the goal-line, where, after being greatly harassed, he did ground the ball. So a try. This gave great content, though I learn there is no wager on the issue. This sport is not to my liking, for it troubles my heart to see gentlemen thrown, kicked, and pulled by the eares. For which latter reason they do wear close-fitting head-straps, which I am glad to hear.

I learn also they do even break their bones; and so to bed till they are mended. I do leave the plum-orchard with much more vexation than on my arrival. For my coach is held up every few yards by the monstrous crush. Anon we get a move on. So home, and, being sleepy, without prayers to bed.

## GLOVES.

Whenever I see a three-quarter on a wet day constantly "foozling" his passes, I am reminded of the first lines of the poem by Frances Cornford.

Adapting them to the occasion, I find myself asking the player, *sotto voce*, "Oh, why do you come on the field without gloves, missing so much and so much?" A missed pass often means the loss of a try, and perhaps the loss of the match. Why then do "threes" so seldom attempt to counteract the greasy state of the ball by the simple method of wearing gloves without fingers?

There is probably a disadvantage with the advantage, as in most things. There certainly is with regard to non-skids on the feet. Yet few players would dream of taking part in a match without bars or studs to their boots.

Oh, why do you come on the field without gloves, missing so much and so much?



of the fact that there are such things as "wings" to a three-quarter line. There is much real, genuine distress to-day among starved and unemployed wing "threes," who are left empty-handed and hungry through selfishness on the part of their "centres."

Poor things! Is there any more pathetic sight than to see them standing, shivering with cold, starving and wretched? The letters at the top of this paragraph stand for the "Starving Wings Aid Society." Won't you help? You "centres" I specially appeal to; for it lies largely in your hands to relieve the present distress. If every "centre" throughout the kingdom would only make up his mind to make a contribution regularly once a week (every Saturday); it would be so much appreciated.



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Shade of John Halifax: "Why? What are you?"

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# BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



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## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"Rare Luck." Mr. Pett Ridge is one of the small but noble army of writers who persist in being cheerful despite the "glittering prizes" that await those who preach the gospel of hopelessness. He goes about the streets of London seeing all sorts of little things and little people to cause him quiet amusement and gentle solace, and he transfers these little incidents and these nice little people to paper in his own quietly amusing fashion. Not being a fool, and having lived on this planet and in this country rather longer than some of the cock-a-hoop young pessimists, he knows perfectly that almost every street through which he passes conceals a tragedy in the making. He could, if he liked, transfer that to paper, and win much higher praise than he is ever likely to get for the sort of work he does at present. It is just a matter of selection. Some people want to leave the world the gloomier for their having lived in it; others would like to think they made it a trifle gayer. The author of "Rare Luck" belongs to the latter section. And that is all there is to it.

It would be a pity for the Cockney to die out of our national literature. The real Cockney, the genuine Londoner, is a very delightful person, and quite distinct from any other type of individual on the surface of the globe. Mr. Pett Ridge knows his Cockney through and through, and I wish he would give us more of them. I mean the Cockney as represented in this book by Mrs. Flinn, the charwoman. I must quote you the scene between the hero and the charwoman—the charwoman who charmed from the hero the secret of his business.

Introduces her broom, as Mrs. Flinn. Frank approached with a handful of letters for the post, she alluded cheerily to the number of accidents occurring in these days, and derided the efforts made by folks in authority to reduce them, arguing shrewdly that they were blessings in disguise, and that unless people were cleared off by frequent disasters, there would be insufficient room in the world for comfort. As proof of the usefulness of accidents, Mrs. Flinn spoke amusedly of Flinn, who, unable to do right in his life-time, managed, by his dexterity at the end, to ensure for her good compensation from his employers.

"I took on this work," she exclaimed, kicking at the pail, "more to occupy my time than anything else. And as all the other ladies are equally nice and outspoken, I get society 'ere of an evening that I sh'd otherwise miss."

"There is no catch in being idle," he said.

"I'd rather make a living by sheer

artfulness," remarked Mrs. Flinn, "but I wasn't born that way!" (And here I must break in for a moment to ask whether you have ever thought of the number of people who do make a living by sheer artfulness, as Mrs. Flinn called it? The charwoman did not mean pickpockets or forgers. She was thinking of all that crowd of Londoners who had come under her personal observation. Mrs. Flinn knew well enough that they did no work, that they contributed nothing whatever to the national purse or the national character or to anything else. Yet they lived easily and lived well. How? By artfulness. And Mrs. Flinn admired them vastly. It was just how she would have liked to live. Those who got caught, like So-and-so and So-and-so, either went

him the silk hat and the limousine and the attendant footman and the fine dinner with choice wines to which he is going. Not a bit. He is artful. I like Mrs. Flinn for her candour, and I apologise for having interrupted the lady, whose remarks are far more worthy of attention than my own.) 'And it's no use pretending to be clever, if you're not. I've noticed more, than one of our gentlemen 'ere come a cropper over that. Anybody can run straight; it wants a special gift to be able to run crooked, and get a prize. I've seen 'em go zig-zagging about like the merchant ships used to go in the war, when they thought a submarine was after them, and then not get into harbour.'

"Too ambitious."

"Their womenfolk was," said Mrs. Flinn shortly. She took her broom as one about to engage again upon a task, but thought better of it. 'You're a cheerful-minded young gentleman,' she remarked. 'I should guess you to be single, and I happen to know—because the news has gone along every floor of the building—that you've recently come into pots of money. Give the girls a miss. Leave 'em be until you're old enough to have the sense to pick and choose. Keep yourself to yourself. And if anyone about Ingram 'Ouse tries to find out what you're doing in the business line, answer 'em sharp. What's it got to do with them?'

"I am doing nothing I'm ashamed of," he contended.

"You mustn't regard me as inquisitive," said Mrs. Flinn, going. Ere he bade her good-night, he had furnished all the details."

And there, as far as I remember, we finish with Mrs. Flinn. A pity.

On Coming Into Money. The world will never tire of reading about sudden fortune descending upon somebody who has done nothing for it and never expected it. To work for a fortune and get it is pretty well as a theme, but not to be compared for fascination with the sudden flood of unearned bank-notes. On the jacket of this novel—an exceptionally good jacket—you see a young London clerk, his pen still behind his ear, holding out both hands to catch a shower of pound notes that descend like snowflakes from the sky. On his face is an expression of mingled glee and astonishment. The reader knows at once what to expect.

When you were a child, did you never play that game: "If you had a million pounds to-morrow, what would you do with it"? Of course you did; and many people play it until they are old, and could do nothing with a million pounds if they got it.

Mr. Pett Ridge does not quite play the old game with us in this story. His young man is too sane, too cool. He does not have enough fun with his money. Certainly,

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MOST-DISCUSSED SCULPTOR OF THE DAY: EPSTEIN—AS SAVA SEES HIM.

Mr. Jacob Epstein, the famous sculptor, whose latest exhibition at the Leicester Galleries has roused such tremendous interest, was born in New York in 1880, of Russo-Polish parents. His work has always provoked great discussion. His present exhibition contains portraits of Miss Elsa Lanchester, now appearing in "The Way of the World," the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and Mr. Cunninghame Graham. Epstein is undoubtedly a sculptor of great power, and is considered by many people to be one of the greatest artists of the day.—[From the Caricature by Sava.]

too far or hadn't enough brains for the job. But the Londoner of Mrs. Flinn's type has a tremendous veneration for those who don't get caught. The successful artful dodger tickles their sense of humour and excites their envy. That is why, when he stands in the dock and just manages to wriggle out of it, they assemble in the street without in tens of thousands to cheer him wildly as he raises his silk hat and steps into his limousine. They do not begrudge

*Continued.*

he chucks his job in the City, and starts an office of his own, and succeeds for a time. Then he loses all the money he had inherited and goes back to the old office and the old job.

I call that disappointing. I don't mind his losing the money, because that would be true enough; but I wish he had had a run for it. We wanted him to build a gingerbread house with chocolate-cream windows, and drive about in a golden coach with six white horses to pull it. Also, he should have been tempted to marry a princess and remained faithful to his first and only love. Still, every author has a right to tell his story in his own way, and Mr. Pett Ridge eschews excitement and the romances of fairyland.

### The Grandfather.

There is another character in the book who drops out far too soon. He promised so well. That is the grandfather, who lives in a room upstairs, but never hesitates to hammer on the floor when he needs attention. I was looking forward to great fun with this old gentleman; but the author calmly packs him off to a nursing-home or somewhere, and that is practically the end of him.

"Frank had so much information to give in arriving home, that his women-folk said imploringly, 'One subject at a time, please, dear lad; one subject at a time.' Obeying, he gave the place to tragedy, and this, related in full, occupied their attention to an extent that caused the grandfather's supper to be forgotten until the loud thumping of a walking-stick on the floor of his apartment reminded them of the oversight. Gertrude, coming back from the task, mentioned that grandfather seemed pained by the news of Mr. Irwin's accident. 'I always hoped,' the grandfather said, 'that he'd finish up at the Old Bailey.'"

### "Wine of Fury."

to whom we extend a genial welcome and good wishes.

Mr. Leigh Rogers does not write about young people in London streets and London flats and London offices. Russia is his field, with all that that implies. Do you want to shiver? Then hear how winter came to Petrograd:

"At first the Neva, black and sullen under the overhanging cloud of bitter mist, absorbed in undemonstrative scorn the reiterated millions of falling flakes, each one like a gleaming point of emphasis that winter had come. Then one morning small films of ice came floating down, each with sides walled up by rubbing others; the next day they were larger and thicker, and upon

some the grey and black Siberian crows rode, croaking over their cleverness; later there were more and more cakes, still larger and heavier, and finally the whole surface of the river seemed covered with them . . . and still. Then the tugs which formerly slid about so easily, coughing fountains of bright sparks from their tall stacks, scurried through the thin ice to their winter quarters; no more barges came down, and the blessed Neva was stilled for seven long months."

Get that picture well into your head, and you will be ready for anything. It is a little difficult for me, because the only time I was in Petrograd the weather was so hot you could hardly move. The one person with energy and enterprise was the cashier at the hotel. Nothing daunted this brilliant mathematician.

### Sunflower Seeds.

It is a tale of revolution that Mr. Rogers tells. To make you under-

for a moment. 'So we are free? We can do what we please?'

"Yes," she answered.

"That is good," he continued, taking her by the arm and resuming their way along the quay. 'When it is warm we can walk through the Summer Garden and eat sunflower seeds, and no one can stop us.'"

It is a helpful method. Charles Dickens adopted it in "Barnaby Rudge," to make us understand the soul of the Gordon Riots. But Mr. Rogers has a vaster field.

A notable first novel.

### "The House Made With Hands."

An anonymous story, conceived and written in a lofty spirit. The lesson it conveys is a warning not to attach too much importance to things of this earth. I am not at all sure that the anonymous author is not preaching to the converted. There may be people who still cling to their houses and their gardens and their worldly goods; but they are in a minority these days. So much has gone that all may as well go. Every week sees some historic house made with hands knocked down by the auctioneer to those for whom it will mean nothing but a picturesque old barn which "wants a lot doing to it."

"I really bought it for the grounds, old boy. I like these matured grounds, and a bit of park, and rooks and all that. As for the house itself, by the time I've put in

central heating, and knocked out a new billiard-room, and built on a wing for the servants, and got rid of all that damned ivy, and run up a garage for six cars, why, I don't suppose you'll hardly recognise it."

That is happening every day, and nobody seems to care. A silent revolution, if you like. If there is any bitterness in the hearts of the sellers, they would do well to buy a copy of this book and console themselves. For the young woman who would not leave the family home at Hampstead is eventually blown out of it by a bomb! A drastic punishment for setting her heart on a mere house, for laying up treasure on earth where rust and moth do corrupt!

You cannot be sorry for her, but you can appreciate the earnestness of the anonymous author, who has lavished much care and thought and feeling on the writing of her (I feel sure it is a lady) book. The result is

not very cheery, but there is undoubtedly a big public that likes to be depressed.

Rare Luck. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net.)

Wine of Fury. By Leigh Rogers. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d. net.)

The House Made With Hands. (Arrowsmith; 7s. 6d. net.)



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. DOUGLAS SIDNEY ARUNDEL McDUGALL, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS KATE APPLEBY.

The marriage of Mr. Douglas Sidney Arundel McDougall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac McDougall, of Temperley, Cheshire, to Miss Kate Isobel Evelyn Appleby, only daughter of Sir Alfred and Lady Appleby, of Stotes Hall, Newcastle, was celebrated in Newcastle recently.

Photograph by L.N.A.

stand the point of view of the people, he creates a young soldier, Foma by name. When the Tsar is on his throne, Foma is kicked out of the Summer Garden for eating sunflower seeds. But when the Tsar has abdicated, Foma is free!

"... in accord with the Imperial Duma we have considered it well to abdicate the throne of the Russian Empire and to renounce the supreme authority!"

"Here she stopped and looked at Foma in wonder. 'Foma,' she said incredulously, 'the Tsar is gone; there is no Tsar. The Revolution is successful. We are free!'"

"Revolution?" queried Foma. "What revolution?"

"Stupid!" she exclaimed. "Why, this one. It is a revolution. We are free."

"Oh," said he, and lapsed into silence



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. JOHN'S, BOXMOOR: MR. L. GRANVILLE RAM, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS E. A. MITCHELL-INNES.

The marriage of Mr. L. Granville Ram, son of the late Mr. A. J. Ram, K.C., and of the Hon. Mrs. Ram, to Miss Elizabeth Mitchell-Innes, youngest daughter of Mr. E. A. Mitchell-Innes, K.C., was celebrated at St. John's, Boxmoor. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a Brussels lace train and gown which had been worn by her mother, and her grandmother, Lady d'Arcy Osborne, at their respective weddings.

Photograph by F. Barrett Gardiner.





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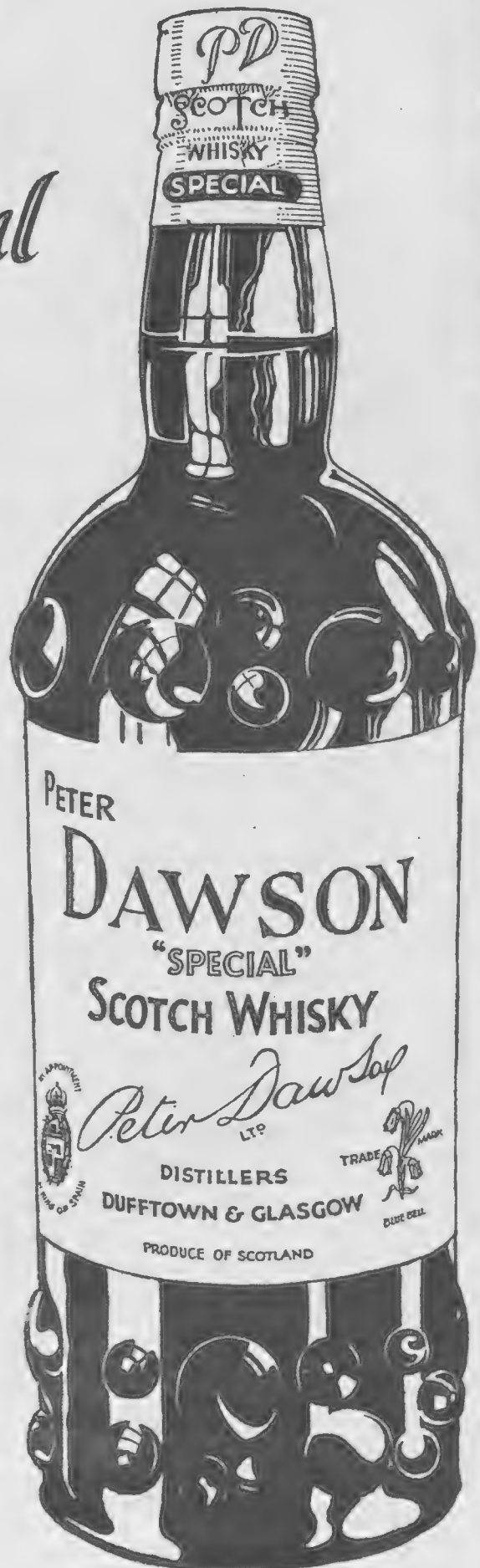
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# Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

## Advancing Motor Prices.

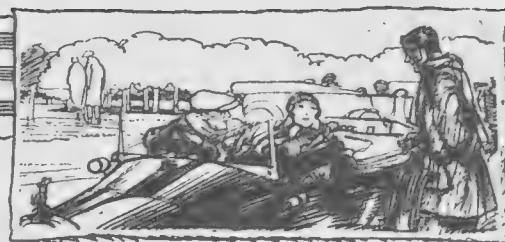
Petrol has risen 4½d. per gallon; the prices of several "popular"—i.e., cheap—cars have been increased, and, in fact, all round motoring is "going to cost you more." "And why has it happened?" I can hear asked on all sides. Increased prices are due to several factors, and though it may not be possible to recapitulate all of

## New Cars for Poor Folk.

And yet notwithstanding all the counters being stacked against them, the motor trade brightly brings out new cars for poor people. The recent Glasgow motor show revealed the new 10-h.p. Ariel four-cylinder water-cooled light car for the first time to the public, which as a four-seater is listed at £198, and in its more luxurious form, at £210, with £12 extra if a Lucas engine-starter is fitted on either model. It is only fair to Mr. Chas. Sangster and Mr. J. W. Stocks to say that it is good value for money, and that the shock of seeing a new cheap car must have been too much for one of the so-called "popular technical" journals, for they provided its engine with "crank-shafts." I can assure motorists that the new 10-h.p. Ariel has only one crank-shaft; and it must have been the Scotch mist that deceived that "technical" writer, as the engine and chassis is on quite ordinary light motor-car lines. And none the worse for that. The new Sunbeam model is on rather more expensive lines, as the four-cylinder touring car of 12-30-h.p. costs £570 without brakes on the front wheels, which are not standard on this model, though provided on all the other four and six-cylinder Sunbeams. At the same time it is good value for money, which, after all, is the distinguishing virtue between a cheap and a dear car; and I fancy its owners "will be more than satisfied" to quote Mr. Cozens, the sale-manager's slogan. The 12-h.p. Swift has reduced its price by £55 by not supplying the M.E. rear-screen as a standard fitment, so saving £15, and knocking off £40 "for luck," which really makes this car at its present price fit for poor folk. It has a low petrol-consumption (30 to 35 miles to the gallon), and can "hop along" at over fifty miles per hour without undue pressing. Down also have come the prices of the 8-18-h.p. Talbot to £250, and of the 10-23-h.p. to £325; while the 10-23-h.p. Talbot saloon now costs only £450.

## Cheap Saloon Motor Carriages.

In fact, it is marvellous what excellent enclosed carriages you can get for comparatively small payments to-day. There



is the 10-23-h.p. Talbot saloon referred to, which is a very cosy and comfortable carriage; there is the 16-h.p. six-cylinder Daimler saloon, for £500—a wonderful production for the money; and if you want something a trifle more roomy, there is the new four-cylinder 16-h.p. Cubitt enclosed-drive saloon, with a glass division that can be raised to turn it into a chauffeur-driven carriage, for £550. Every one of these is splendid value for the cash demanded; and, considering the small amount asked, it almost puzzles one how the makers can sell it at such a low price. Well, as I said before, prices are now on an upward trend, so my advice to buyers is "Go and buy quickly, or perhaps you will pay more." Procrastination always was a thief.

## American Productions.

Out of the four million motors built by the U.S.A. factories and their branches in 1923, no fewer than 1,900,000 were Fords. It is not surprising, when practically 50 per cent. are of this make, to learn that more than 70 per cent. of the cars sold in the States cost under 1000 dollars a piece, or something between £210 and £250. As 50 per cent. were Fords at something about £60 to £90 apiece, it does help to reduce the average prices to a very large extent. For the year 1924, Ford hopes to build 4,000,000 cars and trucks himself, which, I fancy, will about close up the second-hand car trade, as their values are simply ridiculous in English eyes. In fact, for £10, £20, or £30 in the U.S.A., you can get some wonderful "worn" automobiles, especially on the hire-purchase system.

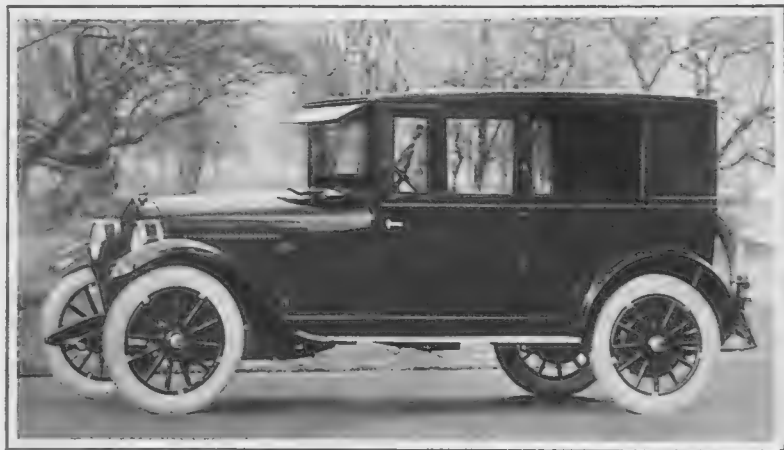
Our photograph of a "40" British Cars Lanchester Saloon, supplied to for Eastern the Maharajah of Rewa, is Potentates. another proof of the popularity of British cars among Eastern poten-



FITTED WITH PURDAH GLASS AND WITH A SADDLE SEAT ON THE STEP FOR A "TIGER": THE MAGNIFICENT 40-H.P. LANCHESTER ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE BUILT FOR H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF REWA.

Our photograph shows the third Lanchester car to be supplied to H.H. the Maharajah of Rewa. The chassis is the well-known 40-h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester, and the body is of special design. It is painted light blue with a gold line, and the interior is upholstered in red leather, and fitted with a picnic outfit in silver, a lady's companion-case, a gentleman's ditto, and other special features. The glass is of the Purdah variety, which is quite opaque from outside, but allows the occupants to see everything clearly with a slight purple tinge. The car accommodates seven passengers inside, and the driver's compartment will carry three persons; while there is a saddle seat on the step for a native servant to ride on.

them, the chief reasons are so apparent that the others are but minor considerations. In the first place, when the result of the polls clearly indicated to the motor industry that they must fight out their commercial battles without any protective-duty aids from Government, those in charge of the financial side of the business immediately took stock of affairs. The result was that the banks and financial houses who had supported the various factories directly and indirectly connected with the industry said plainly to the directors of the concerns, "You must stop this living on your losses in the hope that increased output will eventually recoup you and produce such profit on the goods you now make as to pay your way. If you don't, no more cash from us to help you carry on." Now this ultimatum was given to the engineering world generally, so up went the price of steel, and Mr. Morris issues a notice that the price of Morris cars stand good only from month to month. Mr. J. K. Starley says the price of the 8-h.p. Rover will be raised from £145 to £160 on April 1; and the Vulcan Cars management declare an immediate £20 rise, because they have no old stock of materials to work from, and the new prices are against them. Also I note there is a complete motor factory, close to London, its equipment, goodwill, and stock, including twenty completed cars, to be sold by auction, by order of the Receiver of the debenture-holders, on Feb. 26 and 27, if not disposed of privately beforehand. And quite a successful car, too, in its way.



THE FIRST SIX-CYLINDER ENCLOSED CAR TO SELL FOR UNDER £500: THE NEW ESSEX "SIX" COACH.

The new Essex Coach is the first six-cylinder enclosed car in motordom to sell for less than £500, as its price is announced at £425. It is larger and roomier than the previous Essex "Four" Coach. It is rated at 16.5-h.p., and has all the nimble activity of the Essex touring model. It is built by the Hudson Motor-Car Company, who have now applied to the Essex the principles and advantages of the well-known Hudson "Super-Six."

tates. Another Oriental royalty who owns cars from this country is the Queen of Siam. Her latest order is one of the new 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce cars, with a Barker-built limousine.



## Golf: Science and Sensualism.

By R. Endersby Howard.

**An Investigator.** How to limit the power of the golf ball without lessening the pleasure that the game affords is now a problem worthy of veneration, if only by reason of its age and seeming invincibility. It has been discussed constantly since the rubber-cored ball came into general use in 1902. During the past three years, the governing bodies in the United States and Britain have applied themselves diligently to its solution—thus far without success. Latterly, a friend of mine has been conducting some experiments of his own, in the hope of succeeding where so many have failed. Be it said that he possesses satisfactory credentials for rushing in where the very angels of golf legislation on both sides of the Atlantic have trodden in fear and returned in discomfiture. He has been a semi-finalist in the Amateur Championship, and has played in the England v. Scotland match on several occasions. His idea is a ball with a solid centre, and I think he is moving in the direction calculated to achieve the desired result.

**The Finding.** He tells me that he had made for him two kinds of ball with solid centres. One was very light—27½ pennyweights. However well it might be hit, it proved lacking in the power to bore its way sufficiently far through the air. It would not go far enough to be suitable for use on courses of modern length. The other was of the present statutory maximum—29½ pennyweights. After many trials, the experimentalist came to the conclusion that, in a calm, it entailed a loss of ten yards in a full drive, by comparison with the distance that could be obtained with the ball made in the manner now popular. Against the wind, the loss of length was less than ten yards. Its "feel" on the club was good, and its sponsor finished his tests with a conviction that, in the playing of approach shots, it rewarded the application of back-spin in a greater degree than any other ball he knew. Those who are trying to preserve the fundamental qualities of golf admittedly want to place a definite limit on the length that the ball can be driven, and to encourage the science of investing shots with spin. Here is the scheme of the solid-centre ball.

**Origin of Species.** It is by no means new. Rather is it a reversion to the origin of species. Ever since this problem began to engage serious attention, I have felt—and said—that the solution would be found in the introduction of a rule that every ball must be made with a solid centre of a minimum size rather than in the enforcement of limitations as to the size and weight of the ball itself. This view is prompted by a certain irresistible horse-sense. The progenitor of all rubber-cored balls, the Haskell, had a solid centre. So had the numerous rivals that came into vogue during the ensuing eight years. These balls gave

infinite satisfaction; to people who had been accustomed to banging at the sluggish and obstinate gutta-percha article, they were a perfect joy to hit. They added perhaps twenty yards to the length of an average good drive under normal conditions; and they felt pleasanter on the club than the

stony "guttie." The reconstruction of courses to meet this development was considered worth while. Nobody expected anything better to be invented.

**The First Soft Centre.** The real trouble began in 1910, when a Birmingham firm—no longer, I think,

in the ball-making business—introduced a ball with a semi-liquid core. It was a viscous centre; I believe it consisted of soft soap inserted in a rubber bag, which was filled to distention, and around which the rubber thread was wound—also under high pressure. Opposing forces combined to produce the acme of resiliency. If I remember rightly, the first prominent player to use this kind of ball was James Sherlock. Sherlock was always a fine golfer—he finished well up in the Open Championship and won two or three professional tournaments before that year; but he had been handicapped by his inability to drive as far as most of the big hitters, and nobody was prepared for what he did in 1910; with his new love. He crowned a series of triumphs at Olton, Portmarnock, and other places by winning the big tournament at Sunningdale, in the final of which he actually outdrove George Duncan—then considered one of the giants of long driving—and beat him comfortably.

**Curiosity and Emulation.** The secret of the soft core soon leaked out. In truth, it spurted out. Golfers

heard of this strange discovery and started to investigate the ball by breaking it open—sometimes with serious results, for, under such tension was the viscous substance compressed in its sheath that, directly the latter was penetrated, the liquid burst forth like a fountain in furious play, and several accidents to eyesight were reported as a result of these investigations by curiously minded people. At the present time, I believe that every make of ball has a semi-liquid centre. Its evolution, if we may judge by results, is the secret of the problem with which the authorities on both sides of the Atlantic are now coping—that of imposing a limitation to driving, so that the constant lengthening of courses shall not be necessary.

**Keeping on Walking.** Pedestrianism can be over-done at golf. If you ask

people to keep on walking more and more every year, they will grow weary of it in the end. They would rather have their excitement in a more concentrated form. In addition, there is the fact that the longer courses cost more than the shorter ones in upkeep. And the cost of golf is in itself a problem which bears on the prosperity of the game. Thirty years ago, the championship course at Hoylake measured 5402 yards. To-day, the championship course at Prince's, Sandwich, measures over 7000 yards. Who wants to walk an extra mile without any extra excitement? A return to the solid-centre ball, which delighted everybody from 1902 till 1910, would, I think, achieve the desired limitation. And it would surely involve no loss of sensual pleasure, seeing that the people of just over twenty years ago found all the joy of golf in hitting a ball that was wholly solid.



SUNNINGDALE V. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY:  
MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY AND MR. E. F. STOREY.

Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, the well-known golfer who played for Sunningdale in the recent match against Cambridge University, halved his match with Mr. E. F. Storey. It was an extremely fine performance for the University player to end the game all square with Mr. de Montmorency, and some excellent golf was seen.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



DEFEATED BY SUNNINGDALE IN THE TEAM MATCH:  
THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF TEAM.

The Cambridge University Golfers were defeated by a strong team at Sunningdale in a singles match by seven matches to four, the other match remaining all square. The Cambridge team consisted of Mr. E. F. Storey (Jesus), Mr. E. Pulling (Trinity), Mr. T. A. Bourn (Pembroke), Mr. P. Gold (Trinity), Mr. J. McGuffie (Jesus), Mr. A. R. Harvie (Christ's), Mr. W. F. Pharazyn (Trinity), Mr. W. G. Joseph (Trinity), Mr. W. E. Anderson (Trinity), Mr. J. R. Roper (Clare), Mr. J. R. Matson (Trinity), and Mr. R. S. Barrow (Pembroke).—[Photograph by S. and G.]





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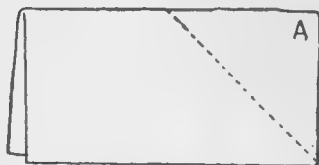
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# How to fold a Serviette

## THE PYRAMID

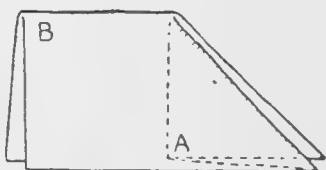
1



Fold in half from the top, take corner A and pleat inwards between the fold

as

2



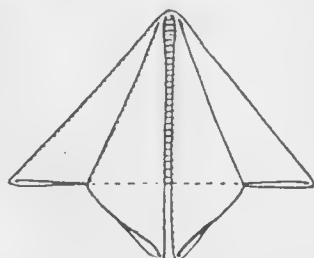
dotted lines A. Repeat the pleat from corner B

3



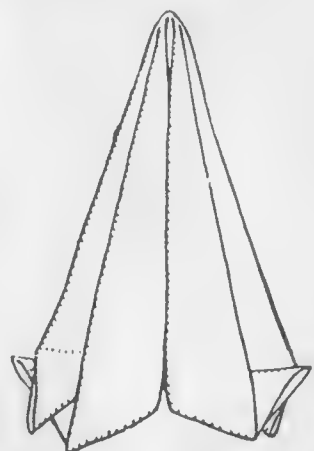
giving you this.  
Fold the two sides inwards on dotted lines.

4

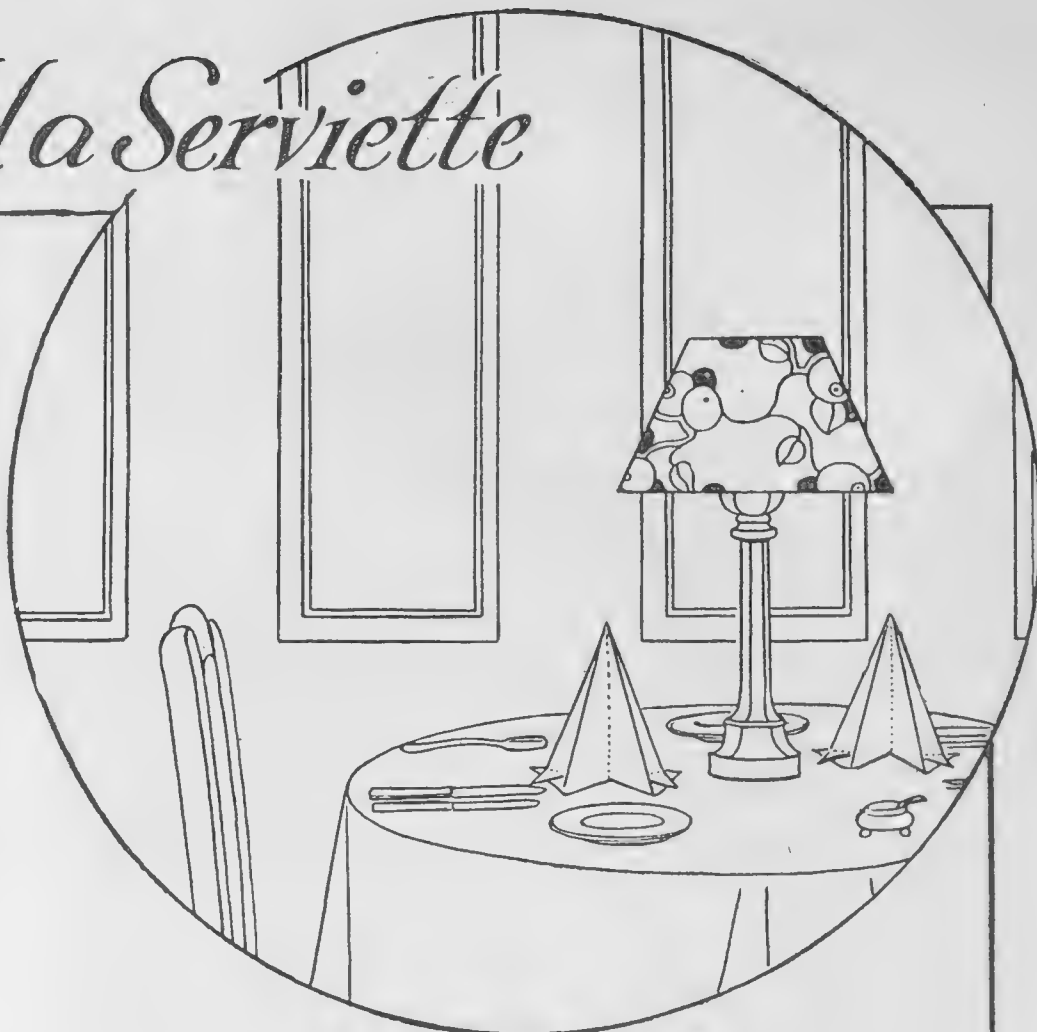


Then, turn up the bottom ends on dotted line. Turn over the serviette and repeat the folds on the other two sides and bottom ends.

5



Open out to stand, the bottom ends will fall, making a base.



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Pour contents of basin into cold water in the copper and stir until all the OMO is completely dissolved. Then put in the clothes and bring slowly to the boil, following complete directions on packet.

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# WOMAN'S WAYS By Mabel Howard

## Paris Reveals the Trend of Coming Fashions.

There is a wave of intense excitement pervading the whole of Paris—an atmosphere which makes itself felt the moment one's train steams into the familiar Gare du Nord. Everywhere, representatives from all over

It is as soft and supple as satin, and is easily tailored. Its chief rival for day toilettes is the favourite Scottish plaid carried out in every artistic blending of colours. "Ecosais Natée" is a fascinating new material patterned in colours on a grey background, the designs resembling the sampler cross-stitch. Then the Rodier materials, with their exquisite colouring and embroideries, are more numerous and varied than in preceding years, and are used extensively by all the famous dress-designers.

## L'Ensemble Chez Jean Patou.

There is an indefinable something about the creations of Jean Patou, 7, Rue St. Florentin, which is, I think, due to the wonderful care spent on the tiniest detail in order to produce the supremely satisfying ensembles for which he is famous. To him, a wonderful evening gown or well-cut afternoon frock is not enough; it must be completed by a companion cloak or wrap in perfect harmony, either made of the same material or discreetly lined with it. Inevitably, the silhouette is slender in every case; but evening gowns are enhanced by soft undulating godet flounces, tailleurs by pleated panels inlet at the knee or side, and frocks for the "five o'clock" by a clever alliance of the two masquerading as demure plissé aprons and tapering panels.

The "Deshabillée" is another attractive expression of Patou's art. It is a simple dinner gown carried out in soft materials of wonderful colourings, and is so designed that it can be worn out of doors on warm summer evenings without looking in the least incongruous. We were also introduced to



The unmistakable cachet of Paris stamps this chic hat chosen by Mlle. Clara Zambour. It is expressed in picot straw, trimmed with a fan of ribbon. Model by Dumay, Paris.

the world are hurrying in eager anticipation to the great Parisian temples of fashion, where the secrets of the coming spring and summer modes are revealed to a chosen few. I rejoiced to see that the silhouette is even straighter and more slender than before, emphasised rather than broken by the introduction here and there of small plissé aprons, godet flounces, or soft draperies arranged by a master hand. Fascinating scarves of every description, thrown with careful negligence over the shoulders, and large handkerchief-shawls of wonderfully coloured silks, arranged kerchief fashion with the point descending one arm, are apparent everywhere in these straight chemise frocks. I saw many expressed in dark materials, cut on the simple line of a chorister's cassock, their severity being daringly relieved by a particularly gay scarf and no less frivolous handkerchief hanging loosely from a diminutive pocket. This amusing-contrast achieves enchanting results.

## Materials à la Mode.

But these simple fourreau frocks which evoke spontaneous admiration depend not a little on the beautiful materials of which they are made. Can one imagine them, for instance, expressed in the heavy serges and hopsack worn by our grandmothers, but shorn of the voluminous frills and flounces which were used as merciful disguises? The results would unquestionably be displeasing, whereas they are delightful when realised in the new silk alpacas and gay plaid Kasha fabrics which are the predominating features. This alpaca bears no resemblance to the harsh material with which we are well acquainted.



The godet flounce which Paris ordains shall predominate this spring is cleverly introduced in this simple frock designed by Jean Patou. It is worn by Mlle. Denise Grey, of the Théâtre Donnou.



Mlle. Clara Zambour proves that a simple hat of rust picot straw looks enchanting trimmed with ribbon. Model by Dumay, Paris.

graceful chevalier cloaks of leather in soft shades of red and blue, destined for those long promenades en auto to which we all look forward in the spring.

## Surprises at Paul Caret's.

I confess I was startled by the sudden metamorphosis of the "Surprise" frock designed by Paul Caret, 23, Rue Royale. Its first "existence," one might almost say, consisted of a neat afternoon frock of blue silk alapaca, boasting a wrap-over skirt and a shawl cape, worn with the point at the back. The cape was removed, and revealed the second stage to be a jumper and skirt completed by a gaily coloured handkerchief of printed crêpe-de-Chine at the neck. Finally, with dramatic unexpectedness, the whole skirt was shed in the fraction of a second, disclosing a demure handkerchief frock underneath! Another original model was an evening frock of crêpe romain in the fascinating rouge givrée nuance. The front was made perfectly plain in the straight Princess style, the necessary fulness being allowed by small pleated panels escaping at the knees. The back, however, was enriched by two magnificent trains floating from the low waistline. I was also considerably attracted by the aptly named "Diablotin" frock. The jumper corsage of vivid red and the skirt of dark-blue marocain fitted into each other with a vandyked pattern, and with it was worn an amusing sac coatee of blue and red. Another quite irresistible spring suit of black satin had a loose coat made entirely of ribbon lattice-work, and a white suède waistcoat piped with black. The skirt was straight, except for two small inverted godet flounces at the knees.

[Continued overleaf.]

## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

London  
Toilettes for  
the Spring.

To the English-woman, the useful tailor-made coat and skirt has long since become an institution; but each spring introduces to us subtle variations to mark a change of mode. The model pictured on the left, of chestnut-coloured Kasha cloth, boasts the coat strikingly decorated with bands of gold embroidery. It is wrapped tightly round the figure, dispensing with all unnecessary fastenings. The skirt is trimmed with bands of the same embroidery at the waist, and the whole costume is exceedingly becoming to the woman of generous proportions. It may be studied in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., which firm are also responsible for many exceedingly attractive jumper suits—the latest charming caprice of fashion.

The New  
Jumper Suit.

They are, in reality, two-piece affairs, these well-cut jumper suits which have just made their début, but the line of

Bars of gold embroidery enhance this coat and skirt of nigger Kasha cloth, worn with a turban of swathed brown, gold, and silver shades. Sketched at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge.

union is skilfully concealed. Hailing from the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., the one portrayed on the right of this page is expressed in black reversible satin, with discreet touches of scarlet ribbon introduced in the sleeves and collar. The skirt is mounted on a silk camisole foundation, and the tiered jumper top, finished with a belt of black suède, completes a perfect in or out-of-doors costume. It can also be carried out in rep or serge. For frankly sporting occasions, there is a delightfully simple jumper suit, carried out in heather mixture tweed, and finished with Peter Pan cuffs and collar of organdie or crêpe-de-Chine. The skirt has no petersham to restrain the movements of the wearer, and swings easily from the hips, made on a well-fitting basque.

The Indispensable  
Item.

But whatever plans we may have with regard to a new spring wardrobe, it is certain that one plain tailor-made costume must be included. And in this connection, the name of H. J. Nicoll, of 114, Regent Street, W., immediately suggests itself. The perfect tailoring always associated with this firm is well illustrated by the Estelle model

pictured on this page. Built of cinnamon tricotine, the back of the coat is perfectly straight, the sides following slightly the lines of the figure. The deep revers in front, and the wrap-over effect of the skirt, skilfully bestow the coveted slender silhouette to every figure. It is interesting to note that H. J. Nicoll are making a special feature of tailor-made, ready-to-wear costumes in attractive Saxony suitings, for 8½ guineas. They are equally suitable for town and country wear, and bear the unmistakable stamp of perfect tailoring. Many new spring models for light wrap coats in gabardine and rep are already inviting inspection in these salons; and it is superfluous to add that everything which is newest and best in the sphere of riding-habits and riding accessories is equally well represented.

For Tennis at the Riviera. The fortunate people who are flying to the Côte d'Azur, where the tennis season is in full swing, must on no account miss a preliminary visit to Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., to see the new tennis coatees, which can be worn with equal success as jumpers or slipped on over light frocks. Made in a gay, multi-coloured, French material, they give the impression of a skilful blending of Fair Isle and tapestry designs, and on a white skirt the effect is



Perfect tailoring is the distinctive note of this graceful coat and skirt in cinnamon tricotine, designed and carried out by H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W.

delightful. They are obtainable with a background of white or beaver, and are bound with braid to tone. The collar can be fastened right up to the neck if desired; and two pockets and a low hip belt complete this attractive garment—which, by the way, can be secured for the modest sum of 29s. 6d. Rather the same idea is introduced in the new blouse coats which will be serious rivals to the over-blouse this spring, and I saw a wide choice of attractive models in these salons. One, of heavy white artificial silk, has the perfectly fitting waistcoat front entirely embroidered in soft Oriental tints (price 55s. 6d.); and others in artistically coloured washing crêpe can be had in many designs for 45s. 9d. each. Conveniently slipped on like a well-fitting coat, these latest whims of fashion are as practical and useful as they are undeniably attractive.

A Diversity of  
Spring  
Accessories.

Scarcely less important than the choice of a spring toilette, however, is the acquisition of those minor accessories which add the necessary finishing touches for outdoor wear. In the salons of Jay's, Regent Street, W., there are unmistakable indications of the coming mode. Gloves are made in two contrasting colours. Some are of white kid or suède, the wide gauntlet cuffs being unexpectedly lined with black, or vice-versa. These may be secured for 12s. 6d. a pair. Another attractive

variation is the new short glove boasting a frill at the wrist designed with a broderie anglaise effect. These can also be obtained in white kid lined with black, for the modest cost of 10s. 6d. a pair. Umbrellas, those indispensable accessories, are shorter and stumper than ever. Diminutive *en-tout-cas* models, which nevertheless afford adequate protection against all inclemencies of the weather, are obtainable at Jay's for the surprising sum of £1 1s. each. The new thick handle is completed by a large ball of coloured wood to match, and the sixteen ribs boast tips of the same calibre. And when visiting these salons, no one should miss the opportunity of studying the fascinating bouclette suits, with skirt and jumper of contrasting shades—the latter usually richly embroidered with wonderful colourings.



Gleaming satin fulgurante, relieved by touches of scarlet ribbon, and completed by a belt of soft black suède, has been chosen by Harvey Nichols to fashion this graceful jumper suit.

[Continued on page xiv.]



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Harrods



## "When the Heart is Young"

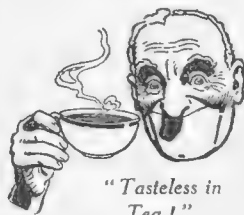
Youth is a wonderful thing. And the most wonderful thing about it is that it has nothing whatever to do with your so-called "age." Youth is an affair of the heart, which need never grow old at all. Indeed, it frequently happens that the longer a man lives the younger his heart grows. And so at sixty you will find him game for anything, because he has learned the secret of abiding youth. That secret is to be found in the blood that streams through the body. Keep your blood pure and virile, and you'll keep the spirit and the boundless energy of the heyday of life. And the way to do that is the simple way of the "little daily dose."

### Not One Salt, but Six

"Little daily dose!" you may say. "I've already tried out Epsom and Glauber, and never yet collected enough of that 'Kruschen' feeling to cover a sixpence. So what's the good of talking to me about Kruschen?" The error of arguing in this fashion lies in assuming that Kruschen is just a single salt, like the others, and that therefore it's just an aperient, like the others. Kruschen

is not a single salt, but a blend of six different salts, each of which has a different duty to do. If you lived in ideal conditions, your system would do for itself exactly what the "little daily dose" does for it; but because of your artificial mode of life, your inside shirks its duty, you don't get your supply of the six vital salts for which every day your system cries out, and you suffer in consequence.

### It's the little daily dose that does it!



"Tasteless in  
Tea!"

Kruschen comes in to help where Nature fails. Not only does it rid your body of all clogging, poisonous waste matter, but it acts directly on your blood, purifying and invigorating it and filling every vein in your system with tingling vitality. Remember—it's the little daily dose that does it. So make up your mind to buy a bottle to-day. A bottle costs 1/9 and contains 96 morning pinches—a three months supply of that "Kruschen" feeling. Take the first pinch and begin growing younger to-morrow.

# Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

## INEXPENSIVE Crêpe-de-Chine HAND-MADE LINGERIE

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

**NIGHTDRESS** in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, entirely hand made by our own workers, square neck, with new shaped sleeves, finished with folds of hand veining. In pink, ivory, sky, mauve, yellow, ochre and coral.

PRICE

29/6

CHEMISE to match ... 25/9  
KNICKERS to match ... 25/9

In thoroughly reliable pure silk washing satin. In pink, sky, ivory, mauve, yellow, hyacinth, green, ochre.

NIGHTDRESS ... 49/6  
CHEMISE to match ... 39/6  
KNICKERS to match ... 39/6  
LACE BOUDOIR CAP ... 18/9

Debenham  
& Freebody

Wigmore Street,  
(Cavendish Square) London W1

Sent on approval.

## Excelsior Shoes for Ladies

Beneath the perfect style and refined finish of Excelsior Shoes there is concealed a wealth of detail that makers of lesser priced shoes could not possibly afford.

These costly little details make Excelsior Shoes "A Joy to Wear." They also ensure lasting shapeliness and add months to the useful life of the shoes.

To buy Excelsior Shoes is to practice true economy and at the same time possess the comforting feeling of being perfectly dressed.

"A Shoe  
of Beauty  
and a Joy  
to Wear."



*Excelsior*

MODEL 2814  
Handsome Promenade  
Turnshoe in Real Lizard.  
Medium height Louis  
XV. heel.



*Excelsior*

MODEL 4001  
In Brown Willow Calf,  
Grey Willow Calf, or  
Patent leather. Medium  
substance sole. Leather  
heel.



If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.



## Gowns for the Riviera.

The fashionable world meets at Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, and if you are going (or remaining in London) you should have the latest Parisian Creations, otherwise you are hopelessly outclassed. Our prices are within your means—they are about Half those asked elsewhere for new models.

*Outsizes a Specialty.  
No charge for Alterations  
Immediate delivery.*

*Dresser  
of Paris*

MODEL GOWNS AND WRAPS

39, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.  
And 22, PLACE DE LA MADELEINE, PARIS.

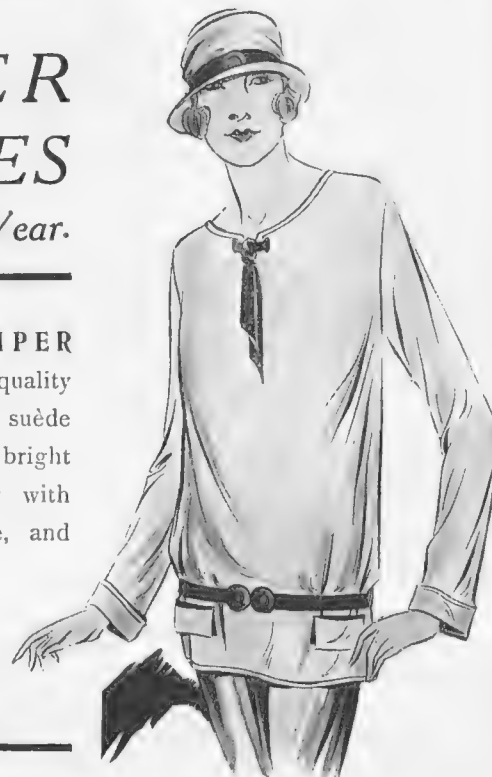
Erwood's

## Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART  
**JUMPER  
BLOUSES**  
For Present Wear.

ATTRACTIVE JUMPER  
BLOUSE in good quality  
crêpe-de-Chine, with suède  
belt and ribbon tie of bright  
colouring. In ivory with  
green, rose and blue, and  
champagne with tan.

PRICE  
**49/6**



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



**"SANS SOUCI"**

(Regd.)

The smartest and lightest Hat in the world, and the most adaptable for Sports in Town and Country. Made in the finest quality fur felt, it is distinctive and practical. Just a touch adapts it to any required shape. May be conveniently rolled without injury for travelling; it takes up little space and its weight is negligible. This Hat is obtainable with rows of even stitching from crown to brim. Price 30/-. Also with a narrow brim suitable for children ... 29/6

**H**ENRY HEATH Sports Hats have created a vogue and established a habit. By a combination of comfort, adaptability, and faultless style they have solved the problem of headwear for all informal occasions.

The delightful "Sans Souci" and "Breso" styles shown here are two of the Sports Hats of the hour—typical of a range unequalled for

**Quality—Style—Distinction.**

Both are stocked in the following colours: Champagne, Kingfisher, Gold, Tangerine, New Blue, Tan, Mignonette Green, Tabac, Cuba, Beaver, Carbon, Light Grey, Castor, Elephant, Nigger, Navy, Black and White. The "Breso", in addition to above colours, is available in Pumice and the "Sans Souci" in Apricot, Egg Blue, Vieux Rose, Mauve, Puce, Purple, Fuchsia, Jade, Myrtle, Royal, Rust and New Cerise.



Over 100 years of Hat Making.

Telephone Number: 537 Museum (2 lines).

The name of our nearest Provincial Agent can be had on application or a selection of hats will be sent on request.

**"BRESO"**

(Regd.)

A distinctive and refined Hat, light in weight and very comfortable. Made of finest quality fur felt, it is adaptable to individual taste. The trimming consists of a band of felt arranged on either side in a wing effect, and encircled by a narrow contrast ribbon. Most suitable for Town and Country wear. Price 30/-

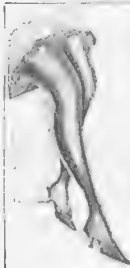
Sizes 6½ to 7½.



## DAINTY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE PETTICOAT

Dainty PETTICOAT (as sketch) made in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, hand-embroidered scalloped edge, in self colours. Colours: black, white, and all the leading colours.

Price  
42/-



K.10. Maximum Silk Holeproof Stockings, in black, white, and all the newest colours. This stocking is now worn by thousands of our customers, and gives entire satisfaction.

5/11  
per pair.

### MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.



By appointment to  
HER MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



By appointment to  
HER MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN



By appointment to  
HER MAJESTY THE  
QUEEN OF SPAIN.

## LITTLE GIRLS' COATS

of Exclusive Design

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business and has a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all its productions. Every garment is designed by our own workers, and made from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

**SMART COAT** (as sketch) for little girl in good quality navy/white, twill suiting, lined silk and trimmed rows of fine ivory Russia braid, collar in ivory pout silk.

Size for 2 years.	Price	£6	16	6
" " 3 "	"	7	2	6
" " 4 "	"	7	9	6
" " 5 "	"	7	19	6

Hat in navy taffeta silk to match 59/6

This model can be copied to order in other materials.  
Sent on approval.

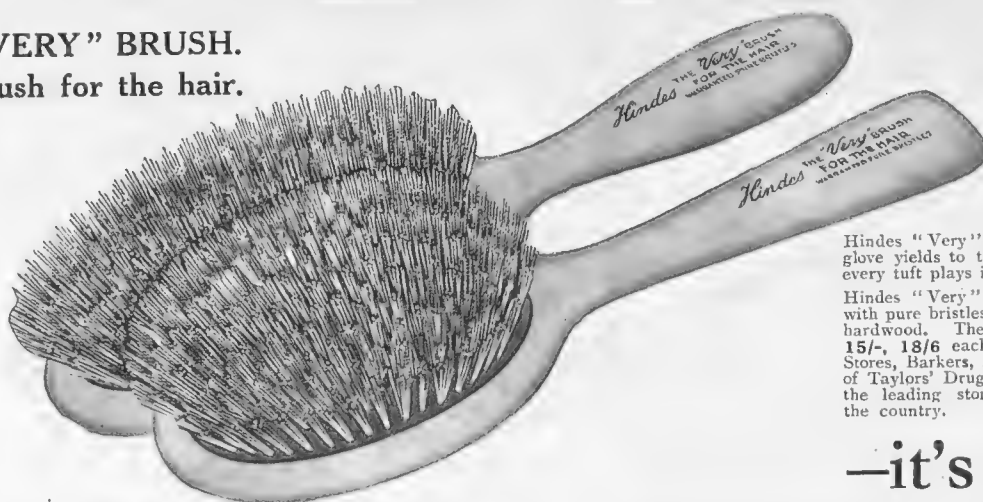
### Debenhams & Freebody

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London W.1



## HINDES "VERY" BRUSH.

The very brush for the hair.



Hindes "Very" Brush adapts itself to the head just as a glove yields to the movement of the hand—every bristle in every tuft plays its part.

Hindes "Very" Brush is fashioned by British handicraft with pure bristles only, in solid ebony, rosewood, and English hardwood. These brushes are obtainable at 7/6, 10/6, 15/6, 18/6 each, from Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Bakers, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, every branch of Taylors' Drug Co., Ltd., Parkes Drug Stores Ltd., and the leading stores, hairdressers and chemists throughout the country.

—it's a HINDES

## "The Secret of Slenderness"

The  
NEW "CORSLO"  
SILHOUETTE

Fashion insists upon slenderness this Season, and as the "Corslo" Silhouette is the most slimming thing that has ever been produced, it is a necessity for every up-to-date woman. For this supremely comfortable garment combines all the necessary undergarments in one, and, instead of a separate chemise and knickers and corset, and princess petticoat, with their double sets of shoulder straps and their fourfold thickness of material at the waist—the "Corslo" Silhouette, which slips on, and is adjusted in a moment, just moulds the figure in a single supple softness of satin or tricot. It fastens at the back, under a concealing over-flap, and two central and short whalebones give straightness to the front, while cleverly placed suspenders support the stockings. The petticoat part of crepe-de-Chine is laundry pleated, and as those whalebones are removable, and easily replaced (without any unstitching or re-sewing) the "Corslo" Silhouette can be washed like ordinary underwear, while the inner knickers, being detachable, can be changed as often as desired. It is indispensable for trousseaux and tropical outfits.

"CORSLO" SILHOUETTE (as sketch). bust bodice, hip belt, Jupón and Pantalón combined, top part of best quality double satin, buttoned at the back, and boned with two steels in front to support the figure, the two pairs of suspenders attached to the garment are hidden by the knickers; the skirt and knickers of heavy laundry pleated crepe-de-Chine. Knickers detachable for washing. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips. In Pink, Black and White.

PRICE

8 Gns.

Also in Cotton tricot ... 4½ Gns.  
Sent on approval.

**Debenham  
& Freebody.**

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London W.1

Patent applied for



Harvey Nichols  
of Knightsbridge

## NEW TEA GOWNS

in  
Rich Quality Silks



TEA GOWN in rich quality satin reine. The becoming crossover bodice is arranged into a graceful swathed waistline; and finished with a handsome flower ornament at side; the draped skirt has a long end of self-material, which falls from the waist at the back of the gown. In black and a good range of colours.

PRICE

10½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S. W. 1.

For washing  
hair-brushes

**SUTTON'S**

For removing  
stains

**Cloudy Ammonia.**

Sole Manufacturers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7

**BURBERRYS**  
1924  
**SALE**

MEN'S, WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S  
Weatherproofs, Overcoats, Suits, Gowns

**LAST DAYS**

Until End of February

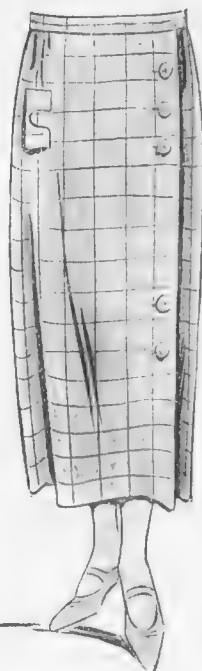
Write for Sale Catalogue. sent post free.

**BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON**

# GOOCH'S

## VOGUE & VALUE

Spring days are here—and that means new additions to your wardrobe. Here are three examples of advance Gooch wear that are sure to please—faultless in cut and style, moderate in price.



Attractive Woollen Cardigan in Fair Isle colourings, in brown, fawn, saxe, rust, orange, and nigger. Exceptional value

**27/6**



A smart ribbon hat with adaptable crown and delightfully becoming brim.

In navy, nut brown, flag-red, and black.

Price **49/6**

Box and Postage 1/6 extra.

Cannot be sent on approval.

We have many French model Hats at inex-travagant prices.

### "AUDREY"

A perfectly tailored skirt of fine wool Tweed, in Marl design, with a narrow woven thread to form squares. The well-set wrap front is fastened with groups of buttons and finished with one slip pocket. In beaver / red, beaver / gold, camel / gold.

Price **21/-**

Plain coloured crêpe de Chine Handkerchiefs, with striped borders of same shade. Size 12 in. x 12 in. Price 2/6 each. 19 in. x 19 in. Price 6/- each.

Postage 2d. extra.



### "MEGAN"

Attractive two-piece gown of lizard-green wool marocain cut on the newest lines. The simple becoming bodice is of silk marocain to tone. The up-to-date straight coat is lined silk and piped with black satin. The modish collar with a black satin tie can be worn open if desired. Obtainable within 48 hours in black/green, navy red, brown/tan, tan/chamois, etc. Price **9 Gns**

Ladies' Milanese Silk Vests and Knickers embroidered in ivory and pink. Vest price 21/9. Knickers 27/11. Combinations, same design, 37/6.

**GOOCH'S**  
Ltd

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

'Phone: Kensington 5100.

## 'Three-quarter' Coats

### 'CAIRO'

This new three-quarter Coat, which may be worn loose (as illustration) or tightly draped, will most certainly find great favour this season. The novel section pleating strikes the note of simplicity, the characteristic of the Spring Wrap. The 'Cairo' is obtainable in Black, Navy or coloured Repp at **12½ Gns.**

Or in a rich Black Crêpe Satin at **18½ Gns.**

# HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



The Mantle Salon is on Harrods First Floor



### The "LENNOX."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, entirely new "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their well-known SUPERFINE quality Soft Felt. Absolutely waterproof. This Hat is registered with a three-quarter crown and new flexible brim with ribbon bound edge which holds its shape in the wind. In ash, armour, grey, mole, fallow, drab, koko, cinnamon, Cuba, beaver, Havana, nigger, chestnut, black, mid-grey, white, fawn, mauve, saxe, jade, and gold, with small, medium, large and extra large head fittings. Price **37/6**

Absolutely unobtainable elsewhere.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE LENNOX HAT.  
A Lady writes: "It was packed, rolled up in a dressing bag, already over-full. I played golf in it in a violent hailstorm, thunder, lightning, and rain, and next day in a gale. It was again packed, rolled up, and next day came up smiling, including the feather, and the brim did not flap in the wind, which is the great fault of most felt hats."

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.  
N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

**ROBERT HEATH**  
of Knightsbridge.

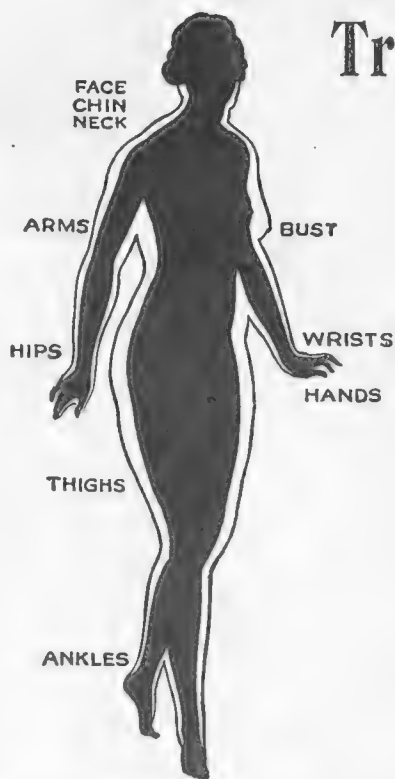


BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

**37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.**





## Try the Chic Parisiennes' Way of Making the Figure Slim & Graceful

It "Slenderises" the Bust, Hips, Arms and Ankles and Restores "Fat-Hidden" Figure Beauty

FRENCHWOMEN naturally "run to fat," but Parisiennes of to-day are as slim and graceful as most English girls in their 'teens and early twenties.

Their method of making and keeping their figures so charmingly slim and graceful is now rapidly being adopted in this country by men as well as women desirous of keeping their figures free from unsightly fat. In Paris, Clark's Thinning Treatment is very well known indeed. Undoubtedly the triumphant success of this treatment is largely due to the fact of it being a three-in-one treatment, consisting of (1) Bath Salts, (2) Reducing Paste, and (3) Fat-corrective Pastilles.

The **Bath Salts** have a peculiar effect upon the sluggish and puffy skin of those who "run to fat."

The **Reducing Paste** for local application increases the reducing effect upon any part of the body to which it is applied, notably in the case of double chin, facial fat, too prominent bust, too fat arms or hands, or "thick ankles."

The **Pastilles** correct the too-active bodily habit of disfiguring fat-accumulation.

All those who try Clark's Thinning Treatment from Paris will quickly see how wonderfully it makes and keeps the whole of the figure slim and graceful.

A rapidly increasing number of English ladies (and men) are now obtaining the complete treatment for a period amply sufficient to demonstrate why Parisiennes are so enthusiastic about it. The inclusive price is 20/- (with "Directions") (post free) in plain wrapper from the London Agents.

After this complete treatment has been carried out, many find the use of Clark's Thinning Bath Salts sufficient to maintain their slimness, grace, and feeling of well-being. These are obtainable at 1/3 a packet, or 12 packets for 13/6, from Chemists, or **post free direct** from the London Agents: **HEPPELLS**, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly London, W.1, and Brighton.

Sole British Agents: *Heppells* Chemists, 164 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (& BRIGHTON).

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC

## CLARK'S THINNING BATH SALTS

(Prepared by Clark's of Rue Vivienne, Paris)

as used by those who have taken the Complete Clark's Thinning Treatment, is obtainable

**AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES AT 1/3 A PACKET**

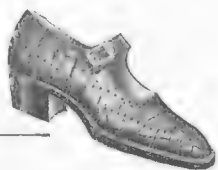
or 12 Packets for 13/6, or post free direct from

Sole British Agents: **HEPPELLS**, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1 (& Brighton).

### ORIGINAL AND BECOMING STOCKINETTE JUMPER

STOCKINETTE JUMPER (as sketch) made exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove, from a beautiful quality fine woollen stockinette, embroidered in bright contrasting colours, the pocket is unique and has a handkerchief to tone. In a range of beautiful colours.

Price  
5½ Gns.



Brown Crocodile Skin 1-bar Golfing Shoe, round toe, square heel, stout sole (as sketch) ... Price 84/-  
Also stocked in Brown Willow Calf, nigger, grey and white suede. Price 55/-

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

*Harvey Nichols*  
of Knightsbridge

### DISTINCTIVE HOSE at Moderate Prices

**PURE SILK HOSE**, strengthened lisle feet and tops, perfect and guaranteed wear. In black, white, suede, silver, beige, camel, pongée. Price, per pair 6/11

**SEA ISLAND COTTON HOSE**, open lace clox, fine and extremely comfortable in wear. In black, white, stone, nude, camel, dark camel, or grey. Price, per pair 3/11

**SUPER QUALITY LISLE HOSE**, with spun silk check in contrasting colour, smart and equally suitable for town or country. In nigger/putty, covert/dark brown, beige/putty, camel/tan, or castor/putty. Price, per pair 12/9

**BEST QUALITY PURE SILK HOSE**, French make, open lace clox, triple spliced soles and heels, thoroughly recommended, full fashioned, in all new shades of beiges, pinks, greys, mauves, resedas, yellows, greens; also in turquoise, sky, royal, salmon, navy, silver, gold, cream, white, or black. Price, per pair 14/6

**MARL MIXTURE HOSE**, in mercerised lisle and artificial silk, full fashioned spliced feet, effective and good wearing. Black/white, coating/white, nigger/white, grey/white, and putty/white. Price, per pair 6/11



**PURE SILK HOSE**, with lisle feet and tops, exceptionally good wearing, Kayser make. In nude, pongee, flesh, champagne, naturelle, fawn, beige, wood, camel, shoe grey, platinum, grey, smoke, pearl, silver, brown, nigger, gold, white or black. Per pair 8/11

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



*The Gossard  
Line of Beauty*

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres hold, from girlhood to white-haired years of dignity, that line of beauty which swings in and out in wondrous rhythm from shoulder to knee. It is the ideal line of perfect womanhood—the Gossard Line of Beauty.

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres properly fitted by the expert corsetiere in your favourite shop guarantee youthfulness of figure long retained.

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.

*Largest Makers of Fine Corsets*  
168 Regent Street, W. 1

also at Toronto, Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Sydney, Buenos Aires

**Gossard** *Corsets  
and Brassieres*



Madame  
Elizabeth  
Eve

### When your mirror warns you

Take heed! Remove those signs of advancing years at once! This can easily be accomplished by means of Madame Eve's scientific facial exercises. If you are wise you have nothing to fear from Time for many years.

Dear Madame Eve, East Indies.  
I meant to have written before to tell you how much I have benefited by your Exercises. My face has gone quite plump again, and the lines on my forehead have nearly disappeared, and many of my friends have remarked how much better and younger I am looking.  
Yours truly, N. D.

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

Call, write or 'phone for new Booklet giving full particulars.

**Mme. Elizabeth EVE,**  
5 J., No. 55, Berners St., Oxford Street, London, W.1.

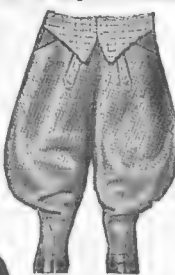
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Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals

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'THE' Coat, Breeches, Habit & Costume Specialist.  
Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal Gold Medal  
**42/- RIDING BREECHES**  
Best Value, Fit & Style Breeches obtainable

**MODEL OVERCOATS**  
from £5 5 0 for Immediate Wear.  
**LOUNGE SUITS**  
from £6 8 0  
**PLUS FOUR SUITS**  
from £5 5 0  
**DRESS SUITS**  
from £8 8 0



**LADIES' SALON**  
207  
OXFORD ST., W.  
Ride Astride Habit from 10 Gns.  
Side Saddle Habit from 12 Gns.  
Civil & Sporting Costumes from 6 Gns.

**PATTERNS POST FREE.**

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from our simple self-measurement form.

**AMERICANS & COLONIALS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.**

**VISITORS TO LONDON CAN ORDER & FIT SAME DAY or leave record measures.**



207, OXFORD ST., W.1 & 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

**Foster** IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD.  
Reduced Prices. Family tins, 11½d. Packets, 9½d. Small Packets, 4d., 1½d., 1d.  
**Clark's Cream Custard**

## Ladies' Hairdressing

EXPERT POSTICHEURS.

**WE** are specialists in the art and craft of MARCEL WAVING, HAIR COLOURING, PERMANENT HAIR WAVING, ELECTROLYSIS, CHIROPODY and MANICURE.

All these important sections are staffed only by qualified operators. The saloons are perfectly equipped, and the most approved methods of Hygiene installed.

This department always carries a unique and comprehensive range of foreign and English toilet requisites.

Our specialist is always at the service of those desiring advice on all matters relating to hair and skin troubles.

Ladies are invited to visit our Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Dept., where personal attention and satisfaction are assured.

Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.



Margrove No. 32.

**THIS** becoming Coiffure can be arranged to suit individual requirements, and is made in:

Grade A	Full Transformations	from 12 Gns.
" B	Full Transformations	" 8 Gns.
" A	Semi Transformations	" 8 Gns.
" B	Semi Transformations	" 6 Gns.

Only the highest quality European Hair is used in the manufacture of our hair work and is selected and made under personal supervision of London's recognised expert.

## MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

DEBENHAMS LIMITED

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W1

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### MORNY LAVENDER WATER

is distilled from Mitcham flowers of the choicest cultivation. Morny Lavender Water is a reviving fragrance for all occasions and the perfume favoured by smart men.

Tall square bottles, with sprinklers .. 5/-, 10/-, 14/6 and 19/-  
Tall square bottles, with rose cut stoppers .. 10/6, 20/-, 37/6 and 75/-  
Flat bottles, with sprinklers .. 2/9 and 5/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET LONDON W1



### DINARD, BRITTANY

The ALL-YEAR-ROUND RESORT  
8 hours from Southampton.  
18-hole Golf.

The most equable climate.  
The most reasonable terms.  
Apply for season terms (July-Sept.).

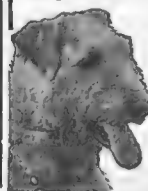
CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st cl. incl. from 30 fr. (about 6/-)  
MICHELET HOTEL, incl. from 25 fr. (about 5/-)

The surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles.



The standard remedy for over 50 years.  
**AT ALL CHEMISTS**  
4s. 6d. a tin

Tel. : 52 Broxbourne **Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES**  
Specially trained against burglars, for ladies' guards; not quarrelsome. Safe children.  
From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.  
**JUST PUBLISHED:**  
**WATCH DOGS, THEIR TRAINING & MANAGEMENT**  
7/6. Post 9d. Publishers (Hutchinson) and all booksellers. BROXBORNE, HERTS. 30 mins. from Liverpool Street.





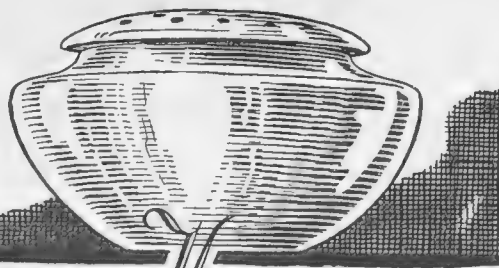


**3 Weeks**  
without satisfactory  
Sleep owing to  
**Asthma**

**NOW SLEEPING  
COMFORTABLY.**

*Extract from a letter  
received.*

" . . . Owing to very severe Asthma my rest was always broken, and for over 3 weeks I was unable to get sufficient sleep. The Davoze Health Casquet was placed in my room and within two days I enjoyed such sound sleep that I was able to go for a walk the following afternoon . . ."



## The DAVOZE HEALTH CASQUET

The easy, most effective method of disinfecting and purifying the air of any room. Affords the greatest possible relief in all cases of

**ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS,  
TUBERCULAR COMPLAINTS,  
HAY FEVER, WHOOPING COUGH**  
and Similar Maladies.

No burning substances in tray or dish. No fumes. The Davoze Health Casquet requires no attention, simply place in a room. One filling lasts for three months. Consists of a beautiful alabaster bowl with perforated top, obtainable in all shades (Tortoiseshell, Rose, Pink, etc.). The bowl is filled with a special substance for retaining the essential oil. This oil energises and is the most powerful germicide known.

Price £1 1 0 Refills 5/- each.  
Of all Chemists, Stores, etc.

*If your Chemist is out of stock write direct to  
The Davoze Ozonator Co., Billiter Buildings,  
Billiter Street, E.C.3*



# Reslaw Hats

**ARE THE MASTER  
TOUCH IN MILLINERY.**

*RESLAW HATS are sold by all  
high-class drapers and milliners.  
If any difficulty in obtaining write  
for nearest source of supply to:*

**PAUL WALSER & CO., LTD.,**  
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**GOOCHS**  
VOGUE & VALUE

**T**HE special charm and simplicity of Gooch clothing for the young girl are well shown in these inexpensive models.

Nowhere in Town do you find such practical understanding of youthful needs as at Goochs. Years of specialization have made Goochs the leading authority on "everything for the boy and girl."

*Order by Post if unable to call. Accounts are  
opened on receipt of the usual trade references.*

No. 1. **Model Frock** made in our own workrooms. In navy serge with white Crêpe de Chine collar and cuffs, embroidered in colour. Also in coloured rep. **63/-**  
First size 26 in. Rising 3/- each size. Price

No. 2. **Model Frock** made with jumper and skirt. Crêpe de Chine collar and cuffs; ribbon bow at neck. First size 30 in. Rising 3/- each size. **72/-**  
Price

*May be made to order in our own workrooms  
in any colour.*

No. 3. **Model Frock** in Stockinette with face cloth and embroidery to tone. First size 30 in. Rising 3/- each size. **69/-**  
Price

*We are now showing a complete  
collection of advance Spring Models.*

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BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.



**White Sale**  
NOW IN PROGRESS

**Smart JUMPER BLOUSE**  
of White Washing Crepe, with waistcoat front and trimmings of Rodier material in all soft colourings.

WHITE SALE PRICE **2/9**  
SIZE 48 **3/-** Extra

**DICKINS & JONES LTD**  
REGENT STREET, LONDON. W. 1.



**4711 Eau de Cologne**

**SAFEGUARD your Complexion**

Wintry winds and piercing sleet and rain whip the complexion into a coarse appearance.

Avoid this by dabbing your face with "4711" Eau de Cologne, either before venturing out or immediately on your return.

*Ask for "4711"*  
(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

Over 130 Years' Reputation.  
Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength—with the Lasting Fragrance.

The small watch-shaped bottles with the sprinkler top will be found very convenient for carrying in the hand-bag.

Sold by all Dealers in all High-class Perfumes




**FASCINATION**

Mother's fan and Mother's bathrobe — what a sight to set hearts afire and eyes a-lonnging!

Yet children are not over susceptible to the pleasures of the eye—the other senses are perhaps more open to temptation.

Watch a youngster lured to his evening ablutions by the promise of a cake of Wrights Coal Tar Soap, and see the fascinating smell of the soap defeating, inch by inch, a certain natural disinclination to wash.

*This is fascination indeed!*

**WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP**

*The Nuzzery Soap*

REDUCED PRICES.  
6d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets, 1/6.  
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*Protects from Infection*

**GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS**  
*World-Renowned*

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Since 1835, Green's have been the pioneers of all that is best in Lawn Mowers, Rollers, etc. The 'Silens Messor' is very light running, practically noiseless, and gives a fine, even surface. Reversible Cylinder has 8 Cutters, adjustable to any cut. Special Machines for Putting and Bowling Greens include extra Cutter and close-cutting Blade. (See our Horse and Motor Mowers for the Fairways).

Obtainable from Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

We are exhibiting at British Empire Exhibition, April to October this year. Stand H.S.11

THOS. GREEN & SON, Ltd.,  
Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS.  
And New Surrey Works,  
Southwark St., London, S.E.1



Write for free Illustrated Booklet No. 53

A Marvellous Perfumed Velvety Cream that Removes Superfluous Hair.


**VEET**

NO OFFENSIVE ODOUR.  
SATISFACTORY RESULTS GUARANTEED.

Razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair above the skin surface. Veet melts the hair away beneath it. Veet is as easy to use as a face cream. Just spread it on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Endorsed and recommended by the medical profession. Veet may be obtained from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores for 3/6; also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/-. (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.)

Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 216K)  
68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

WARNING: Like all successful products Veet has its imitators. Beware of harmful substitutes, which may injure the skin. Always insist on having Veet. It is the original and only genuine perfumed Cream for removing hair.





"Shall I, wasting in despair,  
Die because a woman's fair?  
Or make pale my cheeks with care  
'Cause another's rosy are?"

"Be she fairer than the day  
Or the flowery meads in May—  
If she thinks not well of me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

INDEED he *does* care very much how fair she be. Otherwise he wouldn't stand in that difficult attitude. Is there *any* extreme to which a man won't go for a charming face? This is why women, understanding creatures, give such dainty care to their grooming to keep themselves fresh as posies. And *that* is why they come to Elizabeth Arden!

## Elizabeth Arden has a scientific treatment for your every skin fault

EVERY ONE of Elizabeth Arden's wonderful Preparations has been formulated for some specific requirement of the skin. These Preparations were first used in the famous treatments in her Salons. Now they are used by women all over the world who care for themselves at home. By faithfully following Miss Arden's own method you may attain the same splendid results. Miss Arden's method is fundamental. She builds beauty on a sure foundation of firm muscle contours and smooth, clear skin.

If you cannot come to Elizabeth Arden's Salon for personal treatments, write to Miss Arden describing the char-

acteristics and faults of your skin. She will outline the correct home treatment of your skin according to your specific needs and send her booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which describes her famous Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning method. Elizabeth Arden has just produced her famous Exercises for Health and Beauty in the form of gramophone records. If you wish to reduce or increase your weight, develop grace and poise and lovely proportions, correct nervousness and other faults, write for booklet describing these wonderful exercises created especially for women.



### Your daily treatment of the skin should include

**Venetian Cleansing Cream**—A pure soft cream that melts on the skin, penetrates the pores, dissolves and dislodges all impurities. Supplies the natural oils of the skin, keeps it smooth and supple. Use morning and night and after exposure. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

**Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic**—Tones, firms and whitens the skin, keeps it clear and radiant. Refreshing and stimulating to the skin. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

**Venetian Orange Skin Food**—The best deep tissue builder. Nourishes the skin, keeps it smooth and full. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

**Venetian Special Astringent**—For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. 9/6, 17/6.

**Venetian Pore Cream**—Greaseless, astringent cream that closes enlarged pores, corrects their relaxed condition, refines the coarsest skin. 4/6.

**Venetian Rouge Amoretta**—Exquisite cream rouge in three smart tints; for Light, Medium, and Dark complexions. Easily blended, natural, waterproof. 7/6, 14/6.

**Poudre d'Illusion**—Superb powder, pure, fine, adherent. The quality and perfect colouring have made this the most popular

of Arden powders. A flattering peach-like tint, a warm Rachel, or White. 12/6.

**Venetian Indelible Lip Pencil**—Irresistibly lovely, a pure smooth crayon in two shades, Dark and Light. 6/6.

**Venetian Ardena Masque**—A wonderfully stimulating and corrective home treatment. Excellent for oiliness and eruptions. Braces and tones relaxed tissues, clears the skin. 20/-, 35/-.

Arden Venetian Preparations are on sale at more than 1,000 smart shops all over the world.

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ELIZABETH ARDEN  
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CANNES, Hotel Royal

PARIS  
2, rue de la Paix.



# WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## Alterations at the Hotel Metropole.

The British Empire Exhibition is causing extensive spring "renovations" everywhere in London; and at the Hotel Metropole, Northumberland Avenue, a new scheme of furnishing is in full swing to make it even brighter and more attractive than before. The old-fashioned wall-paper, with its overpowering stripes and rows of vivid flowers, is being ruthlessly banished, and transformations are being wrought in every room. First the walls: they are divided by narrow mouldings into well-proportioned panellings, and are painted in soft tones of one colour, with the ceiling tinted to match. This creates an immediate atmosphere of light and space; while a cheerful note is supplied by a gay carpet, sometimes boasting a design of white daisies and scarlet poppies, or looking like a fragment of rich Eastern embroidery in wonderful colourings. Then the curtains and upholstery are of gaily striped brocade to tone. It is surprising how exceedingly pleasant is the effect of these rooms, where the walls are really restful, and the cheerful colour-schemes discreetly come from the floor, instead of from distracting patterns challenging one's attention from all sides.

**The "Nonetta" Parting Transformation.** Every discerning woman realises that the whole effect of the most perfect toilette is ruined by an indifferent coiffure; and also that the most simple clothes imaginable always look distinctive when the hair is neat and well dressed. It is essential, therefore, to achieve a becoming coiffure, and with this end in view a visit to the Maison Nicol, 170, New

Bond Street, W., is clearly indicated. M. Nicol is responsible for the famous Nonetta Parting Transformation, which is a faithful



*A becoming coiffure which owes its charm to the "Nonetta" Parting Transformation, created by M. Nicol, of 170, New Bond Street, W.*

reproduction in many varying styles of Nature in her kindest mood. The parting can appear where preferred, its length being alterable according to individual wishes, and each hair is apparently growing from

the natural scalp. These transformations are obtainable from £15 15s., and toupets from £7 7s.; while it is useful to remember that the *Times* system of payment by instalments is available.

## Items of Importance.

The skill of M. Nicol is not, however, confined to the creation of transformations. It is expressed in a multitude of pin-curls, swathes, and chignons which add just the finishing touches so often lacking from our own tresses. Beautiful tortoise-shell slides and combs are, of course, another speciality of the Maison Nicol, and readers should apply for an illustrated catalogue giving full details of the many Nicol aids to a perfect coiffure. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

## A New Tangerine Jelly.

To everyone who appreciates the attractive flavour of tangerine oranges—and who can deny a liking for this delicious fruit?—the new jelly made by H. J. Green and Co., of Brighton, will make a particularly pleasing appeal. Green's tangerine jelly is perfectly true in flavour, and with the very first taste one must confess it is simply delicious. Experience has shown that the tangerine flavour is extremely popular. The jelly is sold by high-class grocers and stores everywhere in crystals and squares; each packet is sufficient to make one pint. In addition to tangerine, Green's jellies are obtainable in the following flavours: strawberry, raspberry, orange, lemon, black-currant, pineapple, or vanilla—all equally true in flavour.

## LAST WEEKS!

## LAST WEEKS!

### ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS

# The SKETCH Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design

LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours—namely, blue and red. These two colours can be light or dark, strong or weak, at the discretion of the artist. It may be noted that black can be used, this being obtained in the reproduction by the printing of the blue over the red; as in the design on the cover of this issue of THE SKETCH. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.

# OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·



**St. James's Day.** St. James's Day marked the beginning of the oyster season in London. On that day poor children made it a custom to build grottos of oyster shells, in the hope of inducing passers-by to throw a copper.

It's a wise old  
custom to

take a peg of  
**John Begg!**



By Appointment  
since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky  
that has been supplied to all  
the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

## THE BAITED TRAP.

(Continued from page 361.)

man who had called that afternoon had endeavoured to "lure me away" discounted any good I might have done by leaving my "sign" of four books. It had been a trap, and I had seen through it: that was what Poirot would think. The time, too, was cleverly planned. Poirot, on receiving the note, would have just time to rush off with his innocent-looking guide; and that he would do so I knew. My determination to make my way into the house would bring him post-haste. He always displayed a ridiculous distrust of my capacities. He would be convinced that I was running into danger without being equal to the situation, and would rush down to take command.

But there was nothing to be done. I wrote as bidden. My captor took the note from me, read it, then nodded his head approvingly and handed it to one of the silent attendants, who disappeared with it behind one of the silken hangings on the wall which masked a doorway.

With a smile the man opposite to me picked up a cable form and wrote. He handed it to me.

It read: "Release the white bird with all despatch."

I gave a sigh of relief. "You will send it at once?" I urged. He smiled, and shook his head.

"When M. Hercule Poirot is in my hands it shall be sent. Not until then."

"But you promised—"

"If this device fails, I may have need of our white bird—to persuade you to further efforts."

I grew white with anger. "My God! If you—"

He waved a long, slim yellow hand. "Be reassured. I do not think it will fail. And the moment M. Poirot is in our hands, I will keep my oath."

"If you play me false—"

"I have sworn it by my honoured ancestors. Have no fear. Rest here awhile. My servants will see to your needs whilst I am absent."

I was left alone in this strange underground

nest of luxury. The second Chinese attendant had reappeared. One of them brought food and drink and offered them to me, but I waved them aside. I was sick—sick at heart.

And then, suddenly, the master reappeared. Tall and stately in his silken robes, he directed operations. By his orders I was hustled back through the cellar and tunnel into the original house I had entered. There they took me into a ground-floor room. The windows were shuttered, but one could see through the cracks into the street. An old, ragged man was shuffling along the opposite side of the road, and when I saw him make a sign to the window I understood that he was one of the gang on watch.

"It is well," said my Chinese friend. "Hercule Poirot has fallen into the trap. He approaches now—and alone, except for the boy who guides him. Now, Captain Hastings, you have still one more part to play. Unless you show yourself he will not enter the house. When he arrives opposite, you must go out on the step and beckon him in."

"What?" I cried, revolted.

"You play that part alone. Remember the price of failure. If Hercule Poirot suspects anything is amiss and does not enter the house, your wife dies by the Seventy Lingering Deaths! Ah! here he is."

With a beating heart, and a feeling of deathly sickness, I looked through the crack in the shutters. In the figure walking along the opposite side of the street I recognised my friend at once, though his coat collar was turned up, and an immense yellow muffler hid the bottom part of his face. But there was no mistaking that walk and the poise of that egg-shaped head. It was Poirot, coming to my aid in all good faith, suspecting nothing amiss. By his side ran a typical London urchin, grimy of face and ragged of apparel.

Poirot paused, looking across at the house, whilst the boy spoke to him eagerly and pointed. It was the time for me to act. I went out in the hall. At a sign from the tall Chinaman, one of the servants unlatched the door.

"Remember the price of failure," said my enemy in a low voice.

I was outside on the steps. I beckoned to Poirot. He hastened across.

"Aha! so all is well with you, my friend. I was beginning to be anxious. You managed to get inside? Is the house empty, then?"

"Yes," I said, in a voice I strove to make natural. "There must be a secret way out of it somewhere. Come in and let us look for it." I stepped back across the threshold. In all innocence Poirot prepared to follow me.

And then something seemed to snap in my head. I saw only too clearly the part I was playing—the part of Judas.

"Back, Poirot!" I cried. "Back for your life. It's a trap. Never mind me. Get away at once."

Even as I spoke—or, rather, shouted—my warning hands gripped me like a vice. One of the Chinese servants sprang past me to grab Poirot. I saw the latter spring back, his arm raised; then, suddenly, a dense volume of smoke was rising round me, choking me—killing me. . . . I felt myself falling—suffocating—this was death.

I came to myself slowly and painfully—all my senses dazed. The first thing I saw was Poirot's face. He was sitting opposite me, watching me anxiously. He gave a cry of joy when he saw me looking at him.

"Ah! you revive—you return to yourself. All is well! My friend—my poor friend!"

"Where am I?" I said painfully.

"Where? But *chez vous*!"

I looked round me. True enough, I was in the old familiar surroundings. And in the grate were the identical four knobs of coal I had carefully spilt there. Poirot had followed my glance.

But yes, that was a famous idea of yours—that and the books. See you, if they should say to me at any time, 'That friend of yours, that Hastings, he has not the great brain, is it not so?' I shall reply to them, 'You are in error.' It was an idea magnificent and superb that occurred to you there."

"You understood their meaning, then?"

"Am I an imbecile? Of course I understood. It gave me just the warning I needed,

(Continued overleaf.)

MELLOWED to that happy point where full flavour and smoothness meet, "RED TAPE" gives a stimulus to the senses, a fillip to digestion and fresh cheer and alertness to mind and body.

**"Red Tape"**  
REGD  
**The Whisky**

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If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7. 16. 0., and we will forward a case of 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

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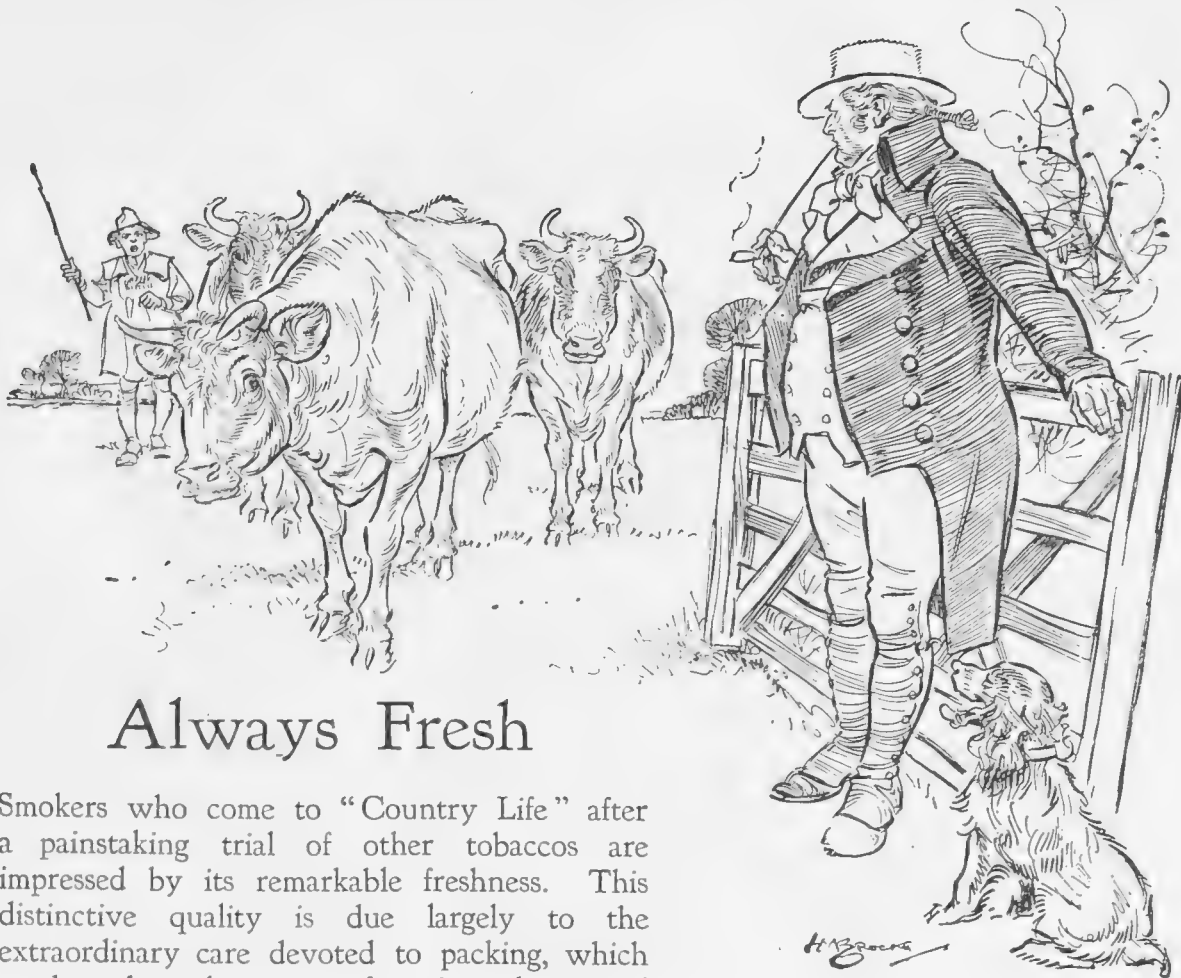
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"The Cock & Magpie," Drury Lane.





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Whether you smoke the new *White Label* "Country Life" or the well-tried "old and original," you will appreciate how pleasantly their freshness of condition brings out the fine fragrance of these popular mixtures.

Remember the three strengths and the two prices:

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(Mild and Medium) oz.

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(White Label) oz.

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Cigarettes

Pure Virginia  
**5½d for 10**  
Medium

# 66 Player's Country Life 99

## TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES

John Player & Sons, Nottingham.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

(Continued.)

and the time to mature my plans. Somehow or other, the Big Four had carried you off. With what object? Clearly not for your *beaux yeux*—equally clearly not because they feared you and wanted to get you out of the way. No, their object was plain. You would be used as a decoy to get the great Hercule Poirot into their clutches. I have long been prepared for something of the kind. I make my little preparations, and presently, sure enough, the messenger arrives—such an innocent little street urchin. Me, I swallow everything, and hasten away with him, and, very fortunately, they permit you to come out on the doorstep. That was my one fear, that I should have to dispose of them before I had reached the place where you were concealed, and that I should have to search for you—perhaps in vain—afterwards."

"Dispose of them, did you say?" I asked feebly. "Single-handed?"

"Oh, there is nothing very clever about that. If one is prepared in advance, all is simple—the motto of the Boy Scout, is it not? And a very fine one. Me, I was prepared. Not so long ago, I rendered a service to a very famous chemist, who did a lot of work in connection with poison-gas during the war. He devised for me a little bomb—simple and easy to carry about: one has but to throw it, and—*po-f!*—the smoke—and then the unconsciousness. Immediately I blow a little whistle, and straightway some of *l'app's* clever fellows (who were watching the house here long before the boy arrived, and who managed to follow us all the way to Limehouse) came flying up and took charge of the situation."

"But how was it you weren't unconscious too?"

"Another piece of luck. Our friend Number Four (who certainly composed that ingenious letter) permitted himself a little jest at my moustaches, which rendered it extremely easy for me to adjust my respirator under the guise of a yellow muffler."

"I remember," I cried eagerly; and then, with the word "remember," all the ghastly horror that I had temporarily forgotten came back to me. *Cinderella* . . .

I fell back with a groan. I must have lost consciousness again for a minute or two. I awoke to find Poirot forcing some brandy between my lips.

"What is it, *mon ami*? But what is it then? Tell me?"

Word by word, I got the thing told, shuddering as I did so.

Poirot uttered a cry.

"My friend! My friend! But what you must have suffered! And I who knew nothing of all this. But reassure yourself! All is well!"

"You will find her, you mean? But she is in South America. And by the time we get there, long before, she will be dead—and God knows how, and in what horrible way she will have died."

"No, no, you do not understand. She is safe and well. She has never been in their hands for one instant."

"But I got a cable from Bronsen."

"No, no, you did not. You may have got a cable from South America signed Bronsen—that is a very different matter. Tell me, has it never occurred to you that an organisation of this kind, with ramifications all over the world, might easily strike at us through that little girl, Cinderella, whom you love so well?"

"No, never," I replied.

"Well, it did to me. I said nothing to you, because I did not want to upset you unnecessarily; but I took measures of my own. Your wife's letters all seem to have been written from the ranch, but, in reality, for over three months, she has been in a place of safety devised by me."

I looked at him for a long time. "You are sure of that?"

"*Parbleu!* I know it. They tortured you with a lie!"

I turned my head aside. Poirot put his hand on my shoulder. There was something in his voice that I had never heard there before.

"You like not that I should embrace you or display the emotion, I know well. I will be very British. I will say nothing—but nothing at all. Only this—that in this last adventure of ours the honours are all with you, and happy is the man who has such a friend as I have."

THE END.

## A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

**Current Affairs.** Sport went with a rattle all last week, and the season is making a good bid now for record as a brilliant one. The Tuesday alone failed us, thanks to the icy wind, that shrivelled scent, and a scarcity of fox. What about that bird-cage of wire we galloped into on the way from Cherrington to Trull? Hear the owner was out hunting, too! He was lucky not to have been Major Lloyd, who jumped a wall, when his horse carried away yards of the murderous stuff, that twisted itself round his hind-legs as he went; the warning shouts of horror-stricken witnesses causing the rider to pull him up short and avert a serious accident. It was a surprise for the Wednesday field that assembled at Alderton to find themselves presently at Alderton Grove, after an excellent ride thither, not too speedy for all to see and enjoy, which can't always be the case. There was plenty of fun without great pace to the Bushton day, too—and not a few loose horses set going about the Vale, for some of which a certain brook was responsible. The Duchess, quite recovered from her misadventure, was out on Saturday. Some grouching on the part of those who could have saved their horses miles, when hounds came straight back to Withymore. But such fun befell that the hatchet was buried swiftly. Hounds ran like smoke and mischief, and the going was in flippant order. We are glad to see Captain Frank Spicer competing again. The piebald on which we have been used to seeing Mr. Carter disport carried his charming new owner, whom we all admire so much, the best—and, of course, prominently! The going was in flippant order, and walls and fences were sampled impartially. The *diner dansant* at Ladyswood was another good number. Entries for the point-to-point are excellent, and the Buck's Club-ites are going to have a dart, to add to the entertainment. Why does the lady visitor sport our gilt hunt-buttons on a mufti habit; and has she conferred them on herself, or what? We are slightly mystified.

The House with the unrivalled reputation  
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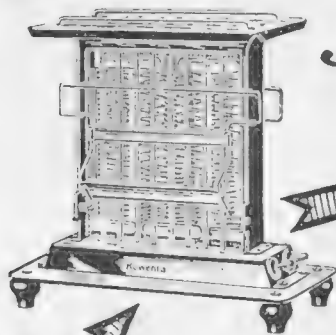
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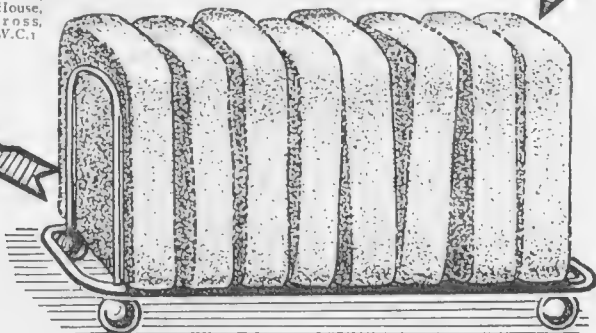
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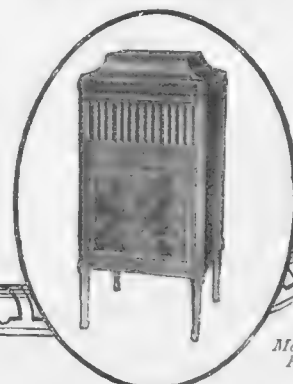
FRIENDSHIP (*Morizs*).—Duet by DAME CLARA BUTT and Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (No. 7269—7/6).

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## THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

"En Chemise," the new comic opera at the Bouffes Parisiens is to be called "En Chemise."

Now it is only fair to warn you not to be misled by the title. You might imagine that it had something to do with "La Dame en Décolleté," if you did not remember that in French there is only one word both for the male and the female garments. This time its reference is to masculine underwear, and the play is concerned with those famous burghers of Calais who paid a ceremonial visit to the victorious King Edward III. in the costume which most of us adopt for that kind of occasion only in our nightmares. You must not suppose, on the other hand, that the play is a tragedy, in spite of the fact that the incident of the unhappy townsmen, walking barefooted and with halters round their necks to present the keys of their city, forms the subject of the piece. The mere fact that it is written by the humorist Cami, whose work is one of the funniest things in the Paris Press, is enough to reassure you about that; even if the previous successes of "Phi-Phi" and "Dédé" at the same theatre were not sufficient guarantee.

The First Bed  
Seen at the  
Comédie  
Française.

While we are on the subject of chemises, I may say that the violent terms in which the young soldier attacks his father for not taking part in the war are not the only things in Paul Reynal's new tragedy at the Comédie Française which have aroused protest. For the first time in the history of

this very dignified theatre, a real bed, with people in it, has been seen upon the stage. Some of you, with rather sketchy ideas of the moral tone of the French drama, may imagine that this sort of scene is to be found as frequently at the Théâtre Français as in the smaller and more frivolous houses of the boulevards; but it is not so. Of course, there is a bed in "Othello," and another in "Romeo and Juliet"; but these are poetical beds, remote from reality; while Paul Reynal's tragedy is a modern play—and in a modern play at the Français you have to pretend that people never go to bed, just as you had to pretend, until some years ago, that they never eat. When Got and Provost munched the first real salad at the national theatre, the advocates of tradition were almost as scandalised as they are to-day in seeing the first real bed. I do not say that they make quite so much noise about it as they do at every performance over the expressions which Paul Reynal's hero uses towards his father; but it disturbs their equanimity. The Comédie Française is in many ways the home of lost theatrical causes. The actors generally wear patent-leather boots in all kinds of parts in a modern play; and the actress who plays the part of a typist thinks nothing of wearing a dress which is to start a new fashion for the season. So its public can hardly be expected to take innovations quietly.

Your Fares  
Will Cost  
You More.

M. Poincaré's melodramatic way of expressing his disapproval of the Chamber the other day, by leading the whole of his Ministers solemnly out of

the house, only to come back again ten minutes later, was described by an Opposition paper as taking a return ticket for the last time before the prices go up. Certainly, if people are as impecunious as they say they are, there will be many who will travel as little as possible next month, when the rates are to be increased by another 50 per cent. That is to say that the people who are in the habit of paying their fares will travel less; but you have only to watch what happens, if you are in a French train when the ticket-collector comes round, to see how remarkably few people do pay. Deputies and Senators travel for nothing. So do railway servants. That would be nothing, if it were all; but everyone who knows a Deputy or a Senator asks him to try and get free tickets for him for any important journey; and the Deputy or Senator would be ashamed of himself if his influence were so small that he could not succeed. Consequently, you may easily find yourself the only occupant of your compartment who has not got a free pass of some sort—unless you have got a free pass yourself. Of course, if you travel third-class you will pay, and everyone else pays; but then, you must not travel third-class.

BOULEVARDIER.

In our issue of Feb 6 we published a portrait of the Misses Neeld, with the statement that these young ladies are the granddaughters of the first Lord Fisher. This is not the case, as Miss Barbara and Miss Diana Neeld are the adopted daughters of Vice-Admiral and the Hon. Mrs. Neeld.

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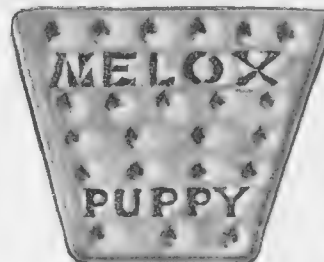
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Joan Barry

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**BENDING THE RAIL**



## BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXVI.

## ABOUT LAW 46.

A TYPICAL instance of how difficult it is—indeed, impossible—to frame laws to cover all cases—or rather, let us say, to satisfy all players—is sent by my correspondent L. J. Walker, who says—

"With reference to Clause 3 in the revised Law 46, this is surely rather incomplete when a player undercalls his partner; the player on the offender's left may overcall if he so wishes, but to my mind other considerations come in. To illustrate: At the score love all, A (dealer) bids three spades; Y—No; B—four clubs; Then Z (preferring to bid)—four diamonds. Now, if A is to be allowed to bid again, what is there to prevent him from profiting by B's under-call? If he bid three no-trumps . . . and without B's call it is not certain that he goes four spades. . . . Even if he does so, the fact remains that a player in this situation may gain an unfair advantage. Do you think this is cricket? The solution to this difficulty seems to be that Z's bid should close all further bidding, although it is hard luck for A to have to suffer for his partner's mistake."

Mr. Walker included the entire hands with his letter; but as at the moment it is none of my business to criticise the calling, past or future, nor to worry about actual results in play, I have omitted them. All we are concerned with now is how Law 46 works out in such cases; but before attempting to do this I must quote from a second letter on the same subject from the same source: " . . . I have not made my meaning quite clear. I am aware that Clause 1 of Law 46 says that (in the case I submitted) Z can allow the insufficient bid to stand, and the bidding continues as though no error had

been committed. But why should A be allowed to choose from two or more bids in consequence of his partner's under-call and Z's over-call? Of course, one might say that Z should have applied another remedy, such as raising B's call to five clubs or playing the hand at three spades; but I do not think A should be able to profit, whatever course Z adopts. I think it would be fairer if A were only allowed to continue the bidding in the suit he bid originally."

What instantly comes into the mind when seeing such a case propounded is—Was Law 46 ever intended to apply to the case of one partner bidding against the other at all? It really seems that the bed-rock idea of this new law was to punish under-calling by opponents only—in fact, it was so unlikely that a player would take out his own partner's unchallenged high spade contract with an insufficient club call that the framers of the law never thought of such a thing occurring. But, come to think of it, the law appears to be pretty sound for all cases. Certainly the club call here by B would seem to put a stopper on opponents' speaking. If either of them does so, it re-opens the bidding, which in most cases, and certainly in this case, would be a silly business. This, of course, was the same under the old laws.

Still, to my way of thinking, the law does indeed punish offender, be he either in opposition or present declarer's partner. The player on the left has two obvious courses open to him; he can insist that the under-call shall be corrected, and then let it go at that, or, preferring the original call, he says the hand shall be played in that suit, and that automatically closes the bidding; while, of course, he also has the further option of showing his own suit at the cheapest possible rate should he dislike both adverse declarations. This is a pretty powerful position to

be in, and I fail to see much wrong with Law 46 here, provided always it is applied in the proper way. The only thing against it is that if Y *must* bid (a general weakness among bridge-players), or, as my correspondent puts it, *prefers* to bid, why, then A does gain something for nothing, which may be useful to him; but this also was the case under the old law.

Anyhow, to bring these positions down to common-sense bridge, the way to look at them is—what would actually have happened supposing there had been no offence committed? Take this case—Z would have bid his diamonds whether B has mentioned clubs or not; and, if B had bid the correct number of clubs, Z would have been put to a five-trick call; as it was, he could call four diamonds, so even from this view the under-call did him no harm. A still more common-sense bridge view to take of the calling, as has been stated before in these notes, is that the player should say, "Sufficient clubs or diamonds," without mentioning any definite number.

## BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 14.

A dealt and bid one no-trump. All pass. Score—love all. At trick 1, Y led the 7 of spades: how should A play the hand?

B (Dummy's) hand was—

SPADES—K, 2.

HEARTS—5, 4, 3, 2.

CLUBS—6, 5.

DIAMONDS—A, K, Kn, 9, 8.

A (declarer's) hand was—

SPADES—Q, 5, 4.

HEARTS—A, K.

CLUBS—A, Kn, 4, 3.

DIAMONDS—10, 5, 3, 2.

Solutions received by Monday next will be acknowledged.



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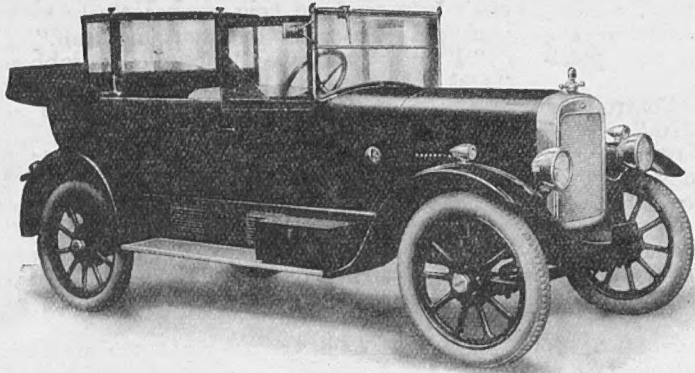
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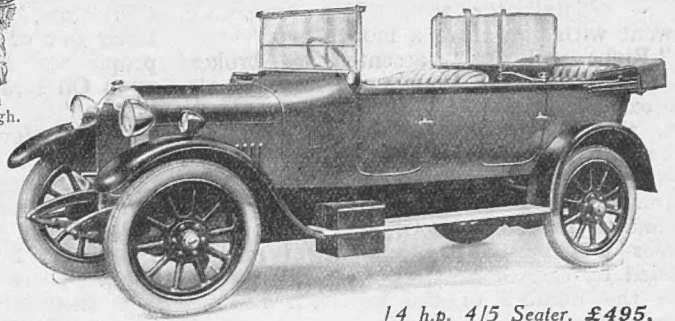
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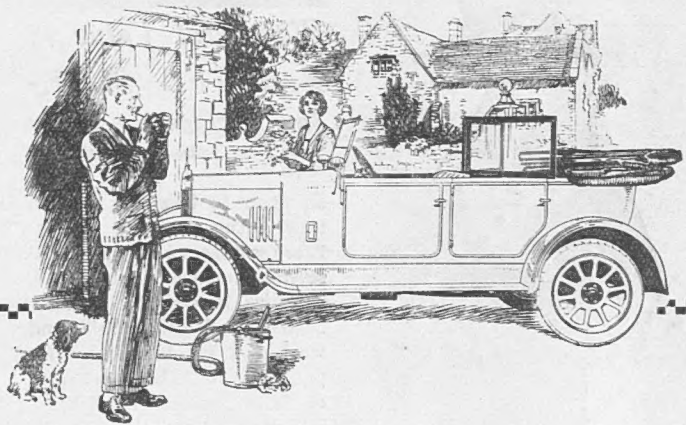
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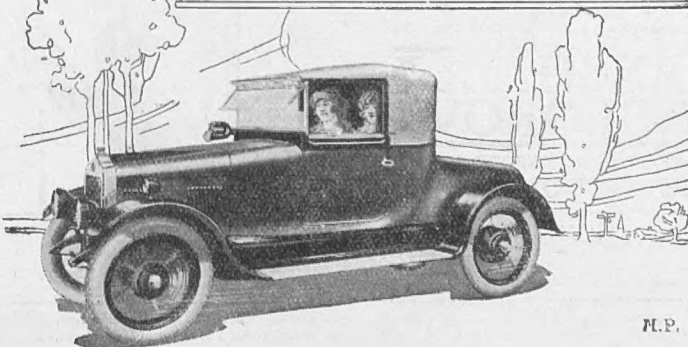
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M.P.

"COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD"

## CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"TAKE me to lunch," invited Our Stroller, "to the Club where the Totalisator totes. You remember I went with you there a month ago."

"Right you are," assented his broker cheerfully. "Come along now, if this isn't too early for you. It's only over the way; yes, that's the building. Hang up your hat and coat next to mine. . . . Ah, they're just putting up the horses."

Our Stroller, new to this game, grew fascinated in the list. On one side of the names was posted the amount of money carried by each horse to win; on the other side the number of tickets taken in the place-betting.

"Each figure represents ten shillings, so you can add up the lot and see how much money there is on the race. The club takes 10 per cent. of the total. Shall we stay here to see what wins? It's only a small race, so there's nothing much on it, but it will give you an idea of how the Tote works."

"Yes, I'd like to see it out," replied Our Stroller. "It's hard to realise that we are within three minutes' walk of the Stock Exchange."

"Think so? I don't see why. Going to put anything on? The clock is nearly on the time for the race."

"Don't know a single horse in it," was the reply, "so it would be rather useless for me to risk ten bob. But that chap who sold his Shells at a profit—"

"Be careful. He is just behind us."

"I'm just at the side of you, as a matter of fact," said the speculator, laughing at their discomfiture. "And I think I shall turn out to be right, although the market is still very hard."

"Hard as nails," agreed another man. "No go-back worth mentioning. Hopeless to be a bear in that market: of Shells and Dutch, I mean."

"The public are taking a hand in Oils this time," the broker nodded. "After being out of the market for years, almost, people are looking with a friendly eye upon Oil shares, their prospects and possibilities."

"Any views about British Controlled? I'm advised to buy the Preferred."

"The Company has a vast capital, and in spite of the fact that the developments lately have been pretty good, I think I'd rather buy something else, if you don't mind. There is an atmosphere about British Controlled that I don't like, though, perhaps, this is no more than prejudice."

"You prefer the Trinidad shares?"

"Without a doubt. I think we shall see Trinidad Apex do very well; and the Leaseholds property is a good one. Trinidad Central has quite decent chances too."

"Wish I hadn't bought Cements," said another man, rather disconsolately. "Here's me with a six-shillings loss on five hundred shares; and what makes matters worse, I don't know whether I ought to cut the loss, or to buy more for averaging. . . . Near shave, that."

They had left the Club, and were strolling towards the Stock Exchange. A taxi cut a thirty-second margin between its near-wheels and an off-foot.

"Your 'bus-drivers are magnificent," confessed Our Stroller. "I should say they must be the finest in the world. But your taxi-drivers are too reckless. They presume, it seems to me, upon what their cabs can do in the way of pulling-up and turning-round, and so they take undue risks."

The broker agreed with him, as any

Londoner would have done. "Motor shares are hardening up," he observed incidentally.

"That's because spring is coming along: the railway strike gave motors a useful advertisement, and cars are really cheap to-day. Look at any weekly paper, and you can't help noticing how comparatively little you need pay for thoroughly sound stuff."

"I know one place," observed a jobber, "and in London, too, where they are working overtime on turning out as many cars as they possibly can."

"To go into stock?"

"Not a bit of it. To meet the present demand. People are buying cars, I can tell you, although nobody's got any money."

"And they buy furs, too. Do you see how Hudson's Bays have been going up? That's because of the rise in the prices of furs."

"Then it ought to be right to buy furs now?"

"Of course. Diamonds as well. This improvement in trade means that the days of comparatively low prices are coming to an end. See how petrol's gone up?"

Our Stroller made a wry face. "Living in the country," said he, "the price of petrol is a very important matter to us. Makes a considerable difference if it's cheap or otherwise."

"I don't believe things are so bad after all," declared his broker comfortably. "The Labour Government dare not do anything drastic. For the sake of their own salaries—putting the matter on its lowest ground—the Cabinet will go gently. Trade bucking up; foreign politics settling down—there's life in the Old Country yet!"

"That being the case—and I believe you're right—I shall continue to stick to my Cements," added their melancholy proprietor.

Friday, Feb. 15, 1924.

### Wonderful Value in KNITTED SUITS for Present Wear

In order to keep our workers fully occupied during the between seasons, we have produced several attractive Knitted Suits, exclusive in design and made from twisted artificial silk and wool of a suitable texture for present wear. The actual value of these garments is 7½ Gns., and we shall sell them at the exceptional price of 94/6, until the present stock of yarn is used.

USEFUL KNITTED SUIT (as sketch), made from a mixture of artificial silk and wool in speckled colours, in a useful weight for present wear. The coat can be worn buttoned to neck if desired.

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Actual Value . . . 7½ Gns.

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### BECOMING TROUSSEAU SET

Dainty TROUSSEAU SET (as sketch) in heavy quality washing beauté satin, entirely hand made, V-shaped neck with fine lace collar and revers, also continued down front, low waist line, and sash of self material. In lemon, peach, ivory, pink, sky, mauve, almond, black.

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